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No. 325.

A SONG FOR MAY.

BY EDEM E. REXFORD.

A song for May, whose breath is sweet
With blossoms blowing at our feet;
Whose voice rings out in silver rill
That ripples down the laughing hills.
Oh, happy, happy May!

The robin on the budding trees
Is rocking in the drowsy breeze,
And bubbling from his silver throat
His songs in wordless rapture float.
Oh, happy, happy May!

Above the hills, the firmament
Bends downward like some wide, blue tent.
And we, oh, fairy-footed May,
Are dwellers in your tents to-day.
Oh, happy, happy May!

Our hearts are glad with bird and bee
For what we feel and what we see,
While beauty crowns the hills to-day;
Oh, would our life could keep its May,
Its happy, happy May!

OLD DAN RACKBACK, The Great Exterminator: OR, THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"SICK 'IM, PUP!"

"I'll larn 'em, I will, sure as water runs down hill," mused Dakota Dan, as he galloped away from the presence of the outlaw chief. "I'll let 'em know that I'm a imported deefickity—that ole Dakota Dan, the great Triangle, are a hurricane in the disguise of a raphyr. Age is tellin' on us, it are true; man, hoof and howler are not so young as we war once; but then, our faculties are still good. My ole eyes ritches out handsomely yit. Patience jogs along right peartly, an' Humility ranges jest 'bout as well as when a two-year old pup. Criminy! we're good for several more races, tussels and fights yet—and, while I think about it, there's that chief Fast-foot, friends, that we've got to look after. He's got a little dockymint in his gaiter that may be of value to us or somebody. So, peg it down, Patience, for the varlet's got, considerably the start on us. Sail right into it, ole lightnin', for I know you're feelin' purty fresh and skittish."

The mare seemed to fully comprehend the words addressed to her, and at once quickened her pace—gliding along the great brown ocean of grass with remarkable speed.

Meanwhile, the Sioux chief, Fast-foot, was moving across the plain at a slow, swinging gallop. He was mounted upon a pony more remarkable for endurance than speed. He felt no fears of danger, for he had assured himself that there were no enemies in the immediate vicinity. He carried a rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, with all three of which he was a skillful hand. He was a shrewd, wary and cunning chief. His cold, sullen countenance was that of the true savage. He never turned his head as he galloped onward, but kept his dark eyes on the plain before him.

Suddenly, however, his trained ear caught a faint sound behind him. He glanced back over his shoulder and discovered a horseman galloping down the hill directly toward him. He saw that he was a white man, for he was not over a hundred rods away. At a glance the chief recognized the man as he whom he had left at the grove with his friends.

For a moment the chief was undecided as to the course he should pursue. He knew not the object of his pursuer, but he thought that he might have been sent after him by Prairie Paul, with some additional news for the chief, White Bear. This, however, he knew, upon second thought, was impossible, for the old man and his mare were both laboring under apparent infirmities when he was in their presence. One thought begot another in rapid succession, until it finally occurred to the chief that there had been some deception about the old man—that he was an enemy in disguise, and so he urged on his pony to its utmost speed. But, despite his efforts to elude the old man, he found that he was gaining rapidly. The chase, however, continued a mile or more—until not over ten or a dozen rods separated them, when the Indian suddenly turned his pony to the right, and, sweeping around, came to a halt after describing a half circle.

"S'render, you lopin' varmint!" yelled Dakota Dan, at the top of his lungs; "s'render, uncomfoshinly!"

The savage raised his rifle and fired, but as the old ranger was in motion, his bullet went wide of its mark.

"A bad shot, red-skin, a bad shot; and it leaves you in an excooshiatin' deefickity," shouted Dan, as he brought his mare to a stand; "we're after you, hot and heavy, and if you value your anatomy wuth the effort, you must come right down with that little paper in your slipper."

The chief sent back a defiant whoop, then began calmly reloading his rifle. He felt no fears of the feeble-looking old man.

"Be keerful, Ingin," cried the latter, raising his rifle, "don't tamper with a magazine. I'm old, but I'm mighty. Go a little slow, chief, for I tell ye yer in the immediate vicinity of a yearthquake—a rollin' thunderbolt—an excooshiatin' deefickity. I'm mortal pizen to red-skins—like May-apple to a hog. We three—that's man, hoof and howler—are what's called



He advanced to the side of the fallen savage, and cutting the moccasin from his foot, secured the paper.

the Triangle— See here, ole doofunny, it's my shot!"

The old ranger saw that the savage was about to raise his rifle for a second shot, and as the distance between them was not sufficient to secure his safety from the enemy's bullet, he was compelled to act without a moment's hesitancy. Quick as the varlet's got, considerably the start on us. Sail right into it, ole lightnin', for I know you're feelin' purty fresh and skittish."

With a shout, Dakota Dan started toward the chief.

"Stand, red-skin!" he yelled, "for here we come a-boomin'—full tilt—stand, or we'll anny-hilate you!"

The savage grasped his tomahawk. Dakota Dan drew a revolver from the bosom of his hunting-shirt.

Some twenty paces from the chief, Dan drew rein.

"Ingin, you must give me that paper in your boot," he said, in an expostulating manner; "I must have it—I will have it, and if you don't come right down with it, mind I tell ye, ye'll hear a queer rumblin' like a yearthquake."

"The old man speaks big words, but they are lies," retorted the savage, indignantly.

"Complimentary, you are, Ingin; but then the Rackbacks are not without their little faults as well as other old Puritan families. But I'm gittin' tired of this tongue-lashin', and mean business now. So I want you to plank over that paper Prairie Paul give you, or true as there is a constitooshin, I'll let blizzer right into your system!"

"Fast-foot is not a coward."

"I darsay you're not, but then maybe you're not just prepared to die, and your spiritual condition will make no difference with me. I want that paper, and you're in no condition to buck ag'in a tornado; so now, out with it, or down goes yer meat house!" and the old man raised his revolver and leveled it at the savage.

With a yell the wily chief threw himself in the tall grass entirely out of sight; then he began crawling rapidly away on all-fours. But Dan could tell his exact location by the agitation of the grass, and thus kept himself posted as to the enemy's course. He believed the warrior was trying to escape, and dismounting, he ordered his mare to lie down in the grass for fear of a stray shot from the red-skin.

"Now, Humility, ole dog, is your time to set a tooth," the ranger said, addressing his dog; "I want you to take the red-skin's trail and rout him hess and foot, and I'll be ready to dot him the instant he leaps over. Here, take the trail, pup—sick 'im—hunt him up!"

Humility glided away through the brown grass, a perfect line of trembling blades indicating his course. The old borderman watched sharply for the contact of the dog and Indian, and was soon rewarded by seeing the latter leap almost full length above the top of the grass with Humility clinging, like a leech, to his loin-cloth. A yell, that fairly split the air, pealed from the startled Indian's lips.

With a broad, comical grin upon his bearded face, Dakota Dan bounded forward to his dog's assistance. He found the two struggling enemies upon foot, the savage spinning around and around like a top, in vain endeavor to get a hold of the animal. But the old dog was cunning enough for him and managed to maintain his hold upon the loin-cloth, and his position directly behind the foe.

When Dakota Dan caught sight of them, the

scene presented was so ludicrous that he jerked off his old cap, slapped his thigh with it, and then haw-hawed with laughter.

"You are in an excooshiatin' deefickity, ar-n't you, red-skin? Makes ye dance gingerly, don't it? The pup's teeth pinch hard, don't they? Hold to him, Humility, ole dog! Don't let the varmint git behind himself, or the Triangle'll be eternally ruined. You know, one part gone and the machine won't hitch—can't work up tornadoes and yearthquakes—haw! haw! Ingin, you caper around like a bug on a hot griddle. What makes ye tip-toe it so—anything hot about yer system?"

This so enraged the savage that he made one desperate lunge forward and succeeded in breaking away from the fangs of the dog. One bound and he reached the point where the sudden attack of the beast had caused him to drop his tomahawk. Seizing the weapon, he turned upon the animal and attempted to brain it; but the uplifted arm fell helpless at his side—shattered by a bullet from Dakota Dan's revolver. Grasping the weapon in the other hand, the desperate savage made an effort to kill the old man, but another shot laid the painted wretch low in the agonies of death.

"There, there," mused the scout, in a half contrite tone, "it's over with again, and the Lord only knows how many times it makes in the history of the Triangle. We have no desire to know how many we have slain; we are sorry to know that we've had to slay any at all. But death is all that'll tame a red-skin—yes, all that'll bring 'em anyways near civilized life. But what's the use of our moralizin'? We didn't use to do it; but, ah! it's age; we're approachin' the end of our journey; the Triangle'll soon be off the trail forever, and it makes one begin to think 'bout footin' up accounts. But, fie! that red is dead—'n a mummy. He provoked it himself. He wouldn't give up that dockymint, and so a deefickity boarded him, and now thar he lays. So now, I'll look after the paper myself."

He advanced to the side of the fallen savage, and stooping, cut the moccasin from his foot. Inside of it he found the coveted paper, which he secured about his person, then mounting his mare, rode on northward at a slow, measured gallop.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOST WAGONERS.

THE day had been fair, but with the going down of the sun the haze of Indian summer thickened into a heavy, foggy blackness, and this, with the shadows of night, enveloped the plain, its brown billows and wooded isles in a shroud of purple gloom. But out of its Cim-merian depths human voices arose—voices full of animated life—voices whose tones were pitched in excitement and anger. And added to these, were the rumble of wagon-wheels, the rattling of chains, the occasional crack of a whip and the tramp of hooved feet.

A wagon was moving along the plains of Dakota at the dead hour of night—moving, whither the men that accompanied it knew not. They were lost; and yet they kept moving onward through the impenetrable night. At sunset they had descried a grove in the distance and had resolved to push on and reach it before going into camp. But, hours of travel through the darkness brought them not to the desired point, and they finally became bewildered and confused. Despite this fact, they kept on in hopes of striking a place where fuel and water could be procured.

"Any signs of timber ahead, Snowball?"

asked one of the party of their African teams-ter.

"No mo' signs ob timbar dan ob daylight," was the response of the sable Jehu.

"Then we might as well halt right here for the night," said the first speaker, who was addressed as Prince DeLano.

"I'll swear I b'lieve I see a grove ahead," said a third speaker.

"Gor a'mighty!" exclaimed the darkey, "you can't no mo' see an inch through the darkness than you can into heavin'. Come, g'long dar, Bess and Beauty; what for you shyn' off dat way! want to make somebody b'lieve you can see somethin'? Come, gee-haw, g'lang," and the speaker rounded off his speech with a crack of his whip that rung sharply through the still, dark night.

"Let us move on a little further," said DeLano; "I don't want to pass this night without water for our animals or fuel to cook some food. If it wasn't for one thing or another I could rough it through on raw bacon and hard-tack, but you know, don't you, that we've got to have some delicacies," and the speaker gave his companion a significant nudge in the side.

"Whoa, dar, Bess, you female fool you!" again scolded the African, giving the line a sudden jerk; "I'd jis' like to know what makes you skeeter 'long dar, dat way. I'll lick you black-and-blue directionly—hup, g'lang!" and again the crack of his whip stung through the night.

The darkey was mounted on the near wheel-horse and drove those forward with a single rein.

Four men, all in the prime of vigorous manhood, reclined in the forward end of the canvas-covered wagon, drawn by the four animals. That they were reckless, hardy fellows, full of the spirit of wild adventure, was quite evident from their very demeanor. That they were men of dissolute character, and given to dissipation, was, also, evident from their language. They affected indifference to their situation, although it was quite evident to Snowball that they were extremely anxious to reach a certain point before they came to a halt. The repeated complaints of the darkey about the darkness, and the fretfulness of his leaders, finally became annoying to the men, and they cursed the darkey for his stupidity and complaints, and even threatened him with violence in case he continued his grumbling.

The negro, however, was not as humble and obedient as the slave the four men would have him. He had imbibed some of their own spirit of independence and courage. He seemed fully cognizant of the fact that all men were created with the same free and equal rights, if not of the same color. Therefore, he resolved to exercise his rights, and embraced every opportunity to make reply to his employers' abusive language.

"I jus' tell you what's de matter, Massa DeLano," he said; "I don't know no mo' whar I's gwine dan a goose in de grass; and you jis' want to stop dat mean, ornery swearin' to dis nigger, or I'll jis' hop down and s'render de team to you. You jis' can't mule-drive me. De proclamashin ob Abe Linkin sot dis nigger on an equal wid de white trash, and I's not gwine to have dat order violated."

"You are an infernal sensitive nigger," replied Prince, "but a chunk of cold lead—"

"Whoa, dar! what de fire and blizum ails you, ole critters?" stormed the darkey, addressing the horses; "I jis' tell you what it are, boss, you've got to git out ob dar and lead dat Bess mare, or I'll be inflated if I don't dismount and let you cipher it out alone in dis Gymson

gloom. Talk 'bout a grove ahead! Why, it am all downstraight foolishness."

"Stop that grumbling, nigger, or curse you, I will shoot you dead," returned Prince, and the click of a revolver accompanied his murderous threat.

"Whoa, Bess and Beauty, Dave and Dick," exclaimed the driver, whom the villain's words failed to intimidate in the least. Turning in the saddle he continued: "Massa Prince, I jis' swore like a ole pirate dat I'd nebbber be 'posed on by de likes ob any white man as wa'n't a gemman. Now you's got to snake dat threat back, or I'll clomb down off ob dis hoss."

"Go on, I say, or I'll blow you to purgatory!"

"I won't budge a peg till you speaks like a gemman."

An oath escaped Prince's lips, and was succeeded by the report of his pistol and a groan of agony from Snowball's lips. Then in the blackness of the night was heard the heavy, sodden fall of a body upon the earth and the rumbling jar of the wagon-wheels over some obstruction, while the horses, becoming frightened at the terrible sounds, plunged away over the plain without a driver.

"By heavens, Prince, you have slain the negro," said one of the villain's companions, "and the horses are going to the devil with us."

"I didn't mean to shoot the black dog," said Prince, excitedly, "I only aimed to frighten him. But we must try and stop these horses."

He advanced to the end of the wagon and endeavored to stop the running horses, but the sound of his voice, added to the rattling of the wagon, lent new terror to the horses' affright and they ran onward all the more frightened.

The four men exerted every effort in their power to check the flying animals, but not until they were nearly exhausted did they succeed. Prince, the chief man of the party, managed, at the risk of his life, to walk out upon the wagon-tongue and mount the saddle-horse, or near wheeler, when he had no difficulty in bringing the panting horses to a stand.

"There, now, curse you!" the man hissed between his set teeth; "stand, won't you! Boys, what are the casualties of this night's escapade?"

"A dead nigger, four scared and bruised men, and a general smash-up of things in the wagon."

"Devil take the nigger," replied Prince, in a tone of affected bravado; "we can get along without his driving and insolence."

"But you can never boast again that you have never shed human blood," replied Bert Bertram.

"Well," returned Prince, evasively, "I believe that nigger was not a safe person to take into the hills."

"I always said that," responded Bertram, "but do you think we can apply the adage—'Dead men tell no tales' to him, Prince?"

"The ball must have gone through his woolly pate, for I aimed to shoot through the top of his hat; and what the bullet failed in doing the wagon-wheels must have completed. I darsay the wolves will leave nothing at all to-night for the vultures to-morrow. But the question still before the house is: where are we?"

"Well, the runaway has confused me more than ever," replied Sol Ricord. "I couldn't say whether we are in Dakota or Montana Territory—whether we are headed toward the Rocky Mountains or the Missouri river."

"I'll tell ye whar we are," said the facetious character of the quartette of worthies.

"Well, where?"

"We're lost."

Prince swore, and the other two laughed.

"I believe we are still right," said DeLano, "and shall undertake to steer this craft myself. Darkness or daylight, we want to reach a safe point."

So saying, the villain squared himself in the saddle and started up the team. They rattled and bumped along over the rough plain an hour or so in perfect silence so far as words were concerned.

The darkness seemed to thicken as night advanced. Those in the wagon could scarcely see the faintest outlines of their friend on the horse.

At times the heavy grass muffled the sound of the wheels and the horses' feet, and a comparative silence ensued, but only for a few moments.

Suddenly Prince drew up, saying:

"Trott, I wish you would get out and see what ails the off leader. 'Pears to me she's been lagging behind for sometime, and acting rather queer. And once I really fancied I saw a man on her; but—"

Prince was here interrupted by an outburst of laughter from his friends.

Trott got out of the wagon and went around to the heads of the forward horses. A cry suddenly burst from his lips—a cry of startling surprise.

"What's the matter, Trott?" asked Prince.

"I'd ask that question, I would, by heavens!" was the startled response. "Why, Bess is gone! has been stolen right out of the harness from under our very noses! I don't doubt now, Prince, but that you *did* see a man on the mare. A pretty set of night-tramps are we, by Judas!"

CHAPTER VII.

"HAIL FELLOWS! WELL MET!"

SNOWBALL, the negro driver, was far from being dead at the time his fall was so lightly discussed by his assassins. In the darkness Prince DeLano had shot wide of his mark. But the quick-witted negro, acting upon the

"Colonel King will hang Francis Marion when he catches him."

The Swamp Fox ate his potatoes alone for several minutes.

At the end of that time he was joined by Nick of the Night, whom he greeted with great cordiality.

"Trooper Nettleton is a gallant fellow," Marion said, recurring at once to the man being led to the gallows-tree on the bank of a small but deep tributary of the Ashley. "But we cannot spare spies for that. Boy, I appreciate your love of bravery; but I could not save. That dog of yours is worth his weight in gold. He has done the cause a valuable service."

Nick of the Night glanced at Whig, who was looking up into Marion's face as if he understood the compliment.

"He has saved my life upon several occasions," he said. "Once when I was at the mercy of trooper Nettleton's pistol."

The chief gave the young partisan a look of amazement.

"And yet you plead for him?"

"Yes, General. Will you listen to a strange story?"

There was a something in the speaker's tone that riveted Marion's gaze to his face, and the partisan leader was instantly all attention.

"I am ready to listen to anything," he said. "Talk fast, for I am always eager to get to the end of a narrative."

Nick of the Night did talk fast. He talked as if he were going to save a life at that moment in jeopardy, and it was curious to see how the General dwelt on the words that fell in quick succession from his lips.

For the first time in his young life, the youthful partisan unburdened his heart to man.

With a flushed face he told Marion of his love for Helen Latimer, the staunch loyalist's daughter—told it with a little stammering, which amused the General, but told it well. He recited his suspicions concerning Helen's true parentage, and did not hesitate to declare that Hugh Latimer was not her father. He told of the remarkable resemblance between Helen and Jotham Nettleton, and then paused to note the effect which his somewhat lengthy narrative had produced.

Marion was silent, but not a little excited.

"They are brother and sister!" cried the boy. "I know it! The secret of Helen's parentage is buried in his breast, and he can expose the crimes of Hugh Latimer. He has been to Azalea; but I do not think that he dreams of the true state of affairs. He may have been young when Helen was separated from him. I feel, away down in my heart, that I have not guessed wrongly. General Marion, you are hanging the brother of Helen Latimer, whose heart is ever beating for the cause of liberty."

The boy's eyes were flashing while the words fell, full of passion, from his lips.

The last sentence brought the General to his feet.

"Do you really believe it?" he cried, grasping the boy's arm.

"I do—I do! He is her brother."

Marion started forward.

"Then he shall not die!" he cried. "But they are down at the Whigaw, and an hour has passed since they left."

Nick of the Night felt a pallor sweep across his face.

"If we are quick we may not be too late. They went on foot."

The Swamp Fox was excited. He thought of nothing save the rescue of Jotham Nettleton, the British spy.

A minute later two horses were pushing through the greenwood, and the saddles were filled by the twin so eager to save.

Not a word was spoken till the couple emerged suddenly into the starlight, when the report of a gun reached their ears.

Marion gave his companion a quick glance.

"That was down at the creek!" he said, and the reply that the boy gave was lost to the General's ears, for his steed, struck fiercely by the spurs, had darted forward like a projectile from a catapult.

No other shot greeted the ears of the twin, who cut the air in their rapid gallop toward the creek.

Where was the little tributary? Miles and miles away it seemed to the boy, who kept at Marion's side. Would they never reach the place of execution? What did that startling shout mean?

At length the voices of men were heard, and the two riders found a group of excited partisans on the bank of the creek, not quite a mile from the edge of the wood.

"Where's the spy?" demanded Marion, drawing rein in the very heart of the group, and on the edge of the bank fifty feet below which flowed the dark waters toward the Ashley.

The men started from the countenance of their chief, and their tongues seemed incapable of speech.

"Where's the spy?" thundered the Huguenot. "I want somebody to answer me!"

Nick of the Night held his breath when he heard a word fall from the lieutenant's lips.

"We brought him to this spot," the officer said, coming toward Marion.

"No minute report, Wolcott," interrupted the Swamp Fox. "Did you hang him?"

"No!"

The eagle eye of the General swept through the group.

"Where is he?"

"He broke from us when we were binding his hands and leaped to the creek, but before he could spring from the bank, at this very spot, he was shot dead!"

A groan escaped the young partisan's lips, and Marion's countenance fell.

"He was a young Samson," Lieutenant Wolcott resumed. "He struck Gentian and knocked him sixteen feet by actual measurement. I would have saved him; but Rhodes shot too quick."

"Are you certain that he was killed?" asked Marion.

"Yes, he said nothing, but reeled and fell over the bank just like a dead man would fall."

No other questions fell from the General's lips; the lieutenant's last words seemed to satisfy him, for he commanded a return to the camp.

"I would have saved him," he said to Nick of the Night, thus quoting from the lieutenant; "but Rhodes' ball has sealed his doom. Good-by, trooper Nettleton."

CHAPTER XI.

BEARING LIONS IN THEIR DEN.

When the partisans reached the greenwood camp the day was not far distant; but many fell asleep about the smoldering fires, and silence once more reigned in the retreat.

Night was the time when Marion rode to surprise and victory. Like the lion, he remained in his lair during the day, and his troops rest-

ed and prepared for the nocturnal forays that have made them famous.

Nick of the Night did not sleep. The thought of Jotham Nettleton's fate so fresh in his mind, kept the somnolent god aloof, and he paced up and down before sleeping Marion like a faithful sentinel.

To the chief he had related the incidents which had followed Lancaster Wingdon's moonlit shot. His trusty horse had borne him unexpectedly into one of Sumter's bivouacs, where the partisan chief lifted him breathless and faint from the blood-stained saddle. The wound was pronounced fatal at the first examination, but the gallant boy showed such vigor that the patriot surgeon did not despair.

The recovery, at first slow, was none the less certain. Strong men and kind-hearted watched the wounded youth, and Sumter soon had the pleasure of seeing him on his feet.

There was rejoicing in the "rebel" camp when the young partisan began to walk without assistance, and when he rode forth to rejoin Marion in the wood many a "God speed you" followed him.

Lancaster Wingdon had fired too high. The ball striking two inches lower would have stilled his rival's heart.

At the time of Nick of the Night's return to Marion's camp Helen Latimer was, as the reader knows, an inmate of Fort Dorchester.

The youth was not aware of this, for her incarceration was effected while he was conversing in the midst of Sumter's command, and Corporal Nettleton did not choose to tell him.

But he was soon to learn that she was not at Azalea, and in a manner that resulted in a perilous adventure characteristic of the fiery spirit which he possessed.

Marion's command had for some time been idle. The British, not thoroughly recovered from the capture of Colonel Holly, refused to venture far from cover, and the patriots were talking of marching north to join Greene, who was about to give Rawdon battle.

The young partisan's soul thirsted for excitement, as he had fully recovered from his wound, and he very naturally turned his attention to Lancaster Wingdon, the young Tory, whose shot had almost terminated his existence.

But first he must see Helen Latimer; she must know that he still drew a sword for liberty, and one evening he stole from the greenwood camp unattended and rode in the direction of Azalea.

The old house looked dark and gloomy in the weird light of the stars, and the youth found the post-office in the oak devoid of a single scrap of paper. Over the scene rested the stillness of the grave; there was no light in the window where often Helen had placed a signal that communicated important intelligence, and Hugh Latimer's library looked dark and forbidding.

This unnatural aspect puzzled the young free trooper; but after awhile he found himself rapping at the low door of a small cabin, which was the last of a line of such structures to the left of the house.

The negro quarters!

Presently the voice of a negro from within reached the visitor's ears, and the door opened cautiously and smile-like.

"Golly! who 'turbin' a darkey dis time o' night?" was the inquiry that greeted the boy.

"Me, Nero. I want to ask you about your little mistress."

A cry of recognition, fortunately not loud, followed the partisan's speech, and the door opened far enough to admit of the egress of a sable giant.

"Golly mighty! dat you, Massa Nick! Why, dey gone say dat you war dead—dat you neber come back to hunt Missus Helen, who am de best angel in Souf Carolina."

"Hunt up Miss Helen, Nero?" cried Nick of the Night. "What do you mean? Where is your mistress?"

"Dat am de question what troubles dis chile. You see, Massa Nick, dat she am gone—been done gone dese three weeks. Rids off one day with Massa Hugh, and nobody know whar she am—bress her sweet eyes! I tell you, massa, and de slave came nearer and put his hand on de boy's hip with an air of confidence, 'Is one ob dem niggers what hab an opinion. That high-fung young fellah, Massa Wingdon, been comin' to de plantation, an' him an' Massa Hugh been talkin' late o' nights in de library. He knows whar Missus Helen is, an' he am de operator in de case. Dat am de 'pinion ob dis colored chile, an' thar be oder niggers on de plantation what coincide."

Nick of the Night heard the slave through without an interruption. At the mention of his rival's name he gritted his teeth, and cast an involuntary look over his shoulder toward the Tory estate.

"In what direction did Hugh Latimer and Helen ride?"

"T'wds de fort—Fort DeChestah."

A flush of indignation swept over the young horseman's face.

"When was the young Tory here?"

"Him an' his father an' Massa Hugh had a long talk in de library last night. Dey didn't separate till de niggers was in de cabins, but dis chile watched 'em ride away."

Nick of the Night straightened himself in the saddle.

"Don't say that I was here, Nero," he said to the darkey. "Keep your eyes open, and send word to de camps when you have anything important to communicate."

"De Lord willin', dis chile will stand by de cause," said Nero. "Is you gwine to DeChestah?"

"No."

The head of Santee was turned toward the south.

"Gwine to Massa Wingdon's house?" inquired the inquisitive black.

"Yes. Good-by, Nero; watch! let eternal vigilance be the price of liberty."

The next moment the horse galloped off, and the negro was looking after him with eyes full of amazement.

"Golly! dat boy gwine to Wingdon, whar Massa Hugh am at dis blessed minnit! Dar'll be de debil to pay if he mees de Tories on dere own grounds. Isn't dis chile glad dat he isn't de boy what ebry redcoat and Tory jakes in Souf Carolina is huntin'?"

With this reflection Nero, the patriot darkey, retreated into the cabin and shut the door.

Nicholas Brandon told the truth when he assured the negro that the Tory home was his destination. When he left Marion's camp Azalea was the objective point; but balked in the outset of his expedition—having failed to meet Helen Latimer—it was with flashing eyes and quivering lips that he guided his horse toward the well-known home of the Wingdons.

Lancaster, the son, was there, and from him he would wring the whereabouts of the patriot chief. Perhaps he would take vengeance for the moonlight shot.

The two plantations were not far apart, and the night rider soon drew rein in the grove that graced the front of the Wingdon home.

Leaving Santee and his canine companion among the trees, he approached the building, in an upper window of which shone a light.

"That is the library of the younger Wingdon—the young Tory's nest," said the boy in a whisper, and a moment later he found himself in the spacious and darkened hall.

Not unknown to the young intruder was the interior of the Tory mansion. He lifted his sword as he climbed the stairs without noise, and pushed down a long corridor toward a light that seemed to shine through a keyhole.

At length he stood before the door in a listening attitude.

A sound like the voice of a person reading in the room beyond the closed portal fell upon his ears, and he touched the bronze knob with a motion of eagerness.

The next instant he had opened the door, and was standing face to face with three persons!

Hugh Latimer, Essex Wingdon and his Hotspur son!

Each, upon the opening of the portal, had leaped to his feet, and was staring at the unexpected intruder.

The terrible silence that reigned—for silence at such moments is terrible—was broken by the ring of swords.

"We have you now!" cried the younger Wingdon, coming forward as the young partisan's saber flashed from its scabbard. "You did not expect to run into such a nest of loyalists. I heard yesterday that my bullet failed to do its work; but the swords of the king will not forget their cunning. Stand back! I am a match for the young rebel imp who has sought to die in this abode of loyalty."

The young Hotspur's last words were addressed to his father and Hugh Latimer, who were crowding forward with naked weapons, and looks of hate not unmingled with triumph.

"One at a time—or three if you like!" cried the patriot youth. "I am here to fight!"

There was the meeting of sword and saber, and the impetuosity that burned in Lancaster Wingdon's breast forced the calmer boy from the room and into the hall.

He proved himself an expert with the cavalryman's favorite weapon, while the young Tory, who was a good fencer, displayed much skill with the sword that rung like a genuine Damascus blade.

Thrust and parry, parry, thrust and blow! Essex Wingdon held the lamp above his head, and thus lit up the hall that resounded with the noise of the well-contested field.

But at last a blow from the partisan's saber sent his enemy's weapon from his grasp, and the next moment the young Tory's left arm fell limp at his side—cut through—through sinews, arteries and bone!

A cry of pain followed the sudden blow; the wounded youth sunk to the floor, and the victor, with no time for self-congratulations, found himself retreating before the swords of the remaining Tories.

The blows came thick and fast—mad, impetuous blows. They showed that Tory blood was not so boiling water.

Down the stair, with his face to the foe, the young partisan retreated—yielding ground inch by inch.

Escape was now his object. He could not reach the bodies of his antagonists, but he could parry their impetuous onslaughts, and he heard their panting and fierce oaths.

Still down the stair he went, nearer safety, and unhurt.

All at once he heard a wild cry that was an oath. Looking up, almost directly overhead, he descried Lancaster Wingdon leaning over the banisters.

There was a ghastly object in his uplifted hand—something pale and dripping with blood. It looked like an arm; it was an arm—the member lately severed by the saber!

Such a sight appalled the boy. It was enough to thicken the blood of the stoutest man.

Lancaster Wingdon himself looked like a maniac.

The spectacle had drawn the eyes of the two Tories from their antagonist, his from them.

The horrible tableau was abruptly broken before it had lasted half a minute.

Nick of the Night saw the uplifted hand descend, and the young Tory's bleeding arm came down upon him like a thunderbolt. He tried to dodge the terrible missile, but in vain.

It struck him full in the face, and dashed him to the bottom of the stairs!

Slightly stunned, and fortunately but little bruised, Nick of the Night sprang to his feet and pushed aside the door. As he did so he heard a cry from above.

Lancaster Wingdon had fainted from sheer pain!

The victor lost no time. He leaped from the house and gained his horse. Springing into the saddle, he struck Santee with the spurs and rode away as if a squadron of demons was at his heels.

There was blood on his face, but not his own. It was the warm blood of Lancaster Wingdon, the young Tory.

CHAPTER XII.

A STARTLING ABDUCTION.

WHILE Nick of the Night was riding from the Tory mansion and trying to shut from his sight the terrible termination of the combat on the stairs, Essex Wingdon, mounted on the fleetest horse in his stables, was hurrying toward Dorchester.

Hugh Latimer, who possessed some knowledge of surgery, had staunched the flow of blood from the young Tory's severed member—his good left arm; but the presence of a surgeon was needed at Wingdon Hall. The father, fearful that his impetuous son might die, did not spare his horse, which reeking with foam and sweat, bore him into the British fort.

Colonel King was roused from a sound sleep by the Tory's hasty raps, and in turn roused the post surgeon. In a few words, Essex Wingdon narrated the story of the bloody battle in his own house.

"Are you certain it was that devilish boy?" asked King.

"I am. He is the only boy in America who would beard the Wingdon lion in his den!" was the reply.

"Then he is not dead."

"Dead! I should say that he is animated by the most daring spirit I have ever heard of."

The Tory could not withhold praise from his most inveterate enemy.

"We must catch him!" said the surgeon, with determination.

"Or kill him. A determined fellow is now on his track—a trooper, animated by private revenge. Jotham Nettleton will not spare him."

Essex Wingdon swore at the mention of the trooper's name.

"And I will kill trooper Nettleton if he ever crosses my path!" he said. "The other night, disguised as a partisan, he caught my son, and, trying him to a tree, whipped him unmercifully. A man of such miserable revenge is not fit to live—much less to be a British soldier."

"Are you certain it was Nettleton?"

"Certain! Did not my boy find at the foot of the tree a card, bearing his name—his card, beyond all doubt?"

King was silent for a moment.

"I'll have him court-martialed when he returns to the command!" he said.

"And after the trial I will kill him. A Wingdon whipped like a dog—whipped with birches like a criminal at the whipping-post! The thought thickens my blood of fifty years. I will wipe out the indignity with the life of the red-headed coward who did the injury!"

The Tory was burning with passion. Proud of his name, he felt deeply insulted, and it was a relief to the commandant when the surgeon admonished him that his son required immediate surgical aid.

Bidding King a hasty good-night, the Tory rode from Dorchester, and guided the army Esclapius to the bedside of his son.

"A terrible cut," said the surgeon, looking up from his diagnosis. "A strong constitution may bring the young man through."

Though the opinion was delivered in a whisper, it had not escaped the keen ears of the patient.

"It will bring me through!" he said, determinedly. "I will not die! My right arm shall prove a thunderbolt of vengeance to two persons!"

Exhausted by the few words that overstrained his nervous system, the young Tory fell back in a syncope, and the surgeon smiled at the two men who stood by the couch.

"He has back-bone!" he said. "I've known a desire for vengeance to perform miracles in surgery."

The loss of blood was against the youth's recovery, and to add to his misfortune, the arm was re-amputated by the surgeon at a place nearer the shoulder.

After that he fell into a sound sleep.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 322.)

LEONA.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

Leona, Leona, for thee
My heart is aching,
My heart is breaking.

For I hear the low sigh of the sea,
Moaning low on the sand; and the waves are a flame
In the glamor of sunset; the moon I behold
Swinging low in the east, and a pathway of gold
Is leading from here to her throne.

And I am alone 'mid the Florida flowers;
'Mid the sweetest, completest landscape in the world;
Dreaming away the heavenly hours.

While all above is so soothed,
While the bluest of waters are stretching away;
Stretching away on the right to the sea,
Stretching away on the left to the bay—
The fairest and rarest of visions for me, boy,
And yet amid this I am dreaming of thee,
And the palms are not here, and the flowers are gone.

For my heart is away with the little one.

My heart is away in the frozen north,
Where the blood runs cold and the oak trees grow;
And I hear the shrieking winds come forth;
And the storms are above, and the snows are below.

And I'm at the little white house on the square,
The little white house with windows green,
And my heart is beating, is beating a tune,
As I look through the window and see the moon,
And all the grand things of a mid-winter scene.
But I turn from them all to the maiden there,
And I look in her eyes, and I whisper low,
And then I take her two hands in my hand—
Ah! to be once more in that frozen land,
Where the blood runs cold and the oak trees grow.

But, ah! 'tis all over—the dream that I dreamed—
And the palms are not here, and the flowers are there;
And the fairest and rarest of visions in the world
Is stretching away in the tropical air.
And I must arise, for I'm not where I seemed,
And go to the frozen north, the head of the bay,
Ah! though we may meet no more upon earth,
We will meet at the bar of God some day.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THE campaign of 1876 is progressing finely, some splendid displays of the beauties of the game having thus far marked the contests in the professional arena, as the appended records very plainly show. Thus far the West has taken the lead in the record of the best average of single-figure games, some model contests having taken place in Cincinnati and St. Louis recently, the most noteworthy being the remarkable game in St. Louis on May 5th, which was marked by the following score:

CHICAGO.	R.	B.	E.	CHICAGO.	R.	B.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	0	1	3	Cuthbert, 1f.	0	1	2
Amos, 3d b.	0	1	4	Clapp, c.	0	1	0
Hines, c.	1	0	2	McGeary, 2b.	0	1	2
Spaulding, p.	0	1	0	Pike, c.f.	0	1	2
Ady, 1f.	0	2	0	Batlin, 3b.	0	0	1
White, c.	0	1	4	Blong, r.f.	0	1	0
Peters, s.	0	1	7	Bradley, p.	0	2	2
Glenn, 1st b.	0	0	2	Dehman, 1b.	0	1	0
Bielski, r.	0	0	3	Mack, s.	0	0	3
Total.	0	2	37	Total.	1	7	27

INNING.

St. Louis.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Chicago.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Runs earned—None. Double-plays—Hines and Glenn. Runs on called balls—Chicago, 1.

The great game in the East was the twelvethings contest of May 2d which took place on the Union grounds, Brooklyn.

In 1875 several phenomenal games were played on the Union grounds, in which the winning scores did not exceed three runs, and some were marked by an excess of innings, as the record below shows:

May 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....1 0

Aug. 3, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn.....1 1

Tracy, 1f. 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-1

Aug. 30, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....2 0

May 14, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn.....2 1

July 14, St. Louis vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.....2 1

May 31, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....3 1

Aug. 7, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (11f.).....3 1

Aug. 24, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....3 2

July 18, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (35f.).....7 2

None of the above approached the contest of May 2, 1876, in the degree of skill exhibited, the excitement created, or in the order and deportment of the contesting nines, the game in question being probably the finest ever witnessed on the Union Ball Grounds. The score below gives the figures:

MUTUAL. ATHLETIC.

R. B. E. P. O. A. E. R. B. E. P. O. A. E.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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A new story by Joseph E. Badger, Jr., is in hand, and will appear in due time. It is in his best vein—a wild, strong, stirring story of the West, whose actors are those who command the absorbing attention of every reader, and whose acts involve a most strange record.

We have the unwelcome announcement to make of the death of our contributor, Mr. George L. Aiken. Mr. Aiken was a most amiable gentleman, in the prime of life, and his sudden decease, by pneumonia, has cast a shadow over more than one family circle. He was a special favorite with the young people, and wrote to their great acceptance. He loved the boys and girls, and delighted in catering for them.

To numerous communications in regard to an engraving lately advertised in our advertising columns—most of them expressing satisfaction with the "premium"—we say: this engraving is no offer of our own—is not a premium or gratuity, in any sense, to our subscribers—we disclaim any interest in the matter. Those who have any interest in it must communicate with the parties advertising—not with us. And we may add, we are not in the chromo or steel plate premium business. The "premiums" we offer are given weekly, in the shape of illustrations, by first class artists and engravers, costing at least twice more than any other popular weekly pays for its designs and engravings. THE SATURDAY JOURNAL aims to present only the best in illustration and matter, and prefers to put money in its regular issues rather than on some "work of art" as a special attraction to bridge over a defect or want in the paper.

Sunshine Papers.

Connubial Views of Strictly Domestic Shams.

THEY were just home from a reception, and it was quite after midnight. She stood before the dressing-case, divesting herself of finery and false hair. Her face was shadowed with weariness and limned with discontent; Mrs. Showie had worn a silk the color of her own and more handsomely made. He threw his dress-suit over a chair, his boots in a corner, and himself upon the bed; this last with a dreadfully improper expression, evidently addressed to something somewhere about the bed. He lay quite still there, with his head slightly elevated by his hands, and a very thoughtful expression upon his face as he watched her. Presently the finery was all in its place and the small quantity of hair not consigned to a drawer was nicely wound at the back of her head, in a little knob with a general resemblance to a horn-button, and she turned toward him. Then she stopped, exclaiming, with ireful eyes and severe expression:

"William Wrinkle, you are the most aggravating man in all the world!"

"My love," he commenced, amiably—men always say "my love" to their wives, and say it amiably, when they are just ready for a little dissension—"I had no idea you were prepared to speak so decidedly upon so vast a subject. But will you tell me what is the matter?" This last with wicked assumption of innocence.

"Matter! You have gone to bed upon the shams, and now they will have to be done up, and I do believe you did it purposely!"

"Have I not told you, a thousand and one times, Mrs. Wrinkle, that if you did not get these confounded things out of the way by bedtime I should go to bed on them. Now, if you will be so kind as to remove them, I think I'll retire properly."

Mrs. Wrinkle tossed the rumpled shams upon the floor, sarcastically remarking that as Mr.

Wrinkle was always grumbling upon the amount of the laundress' bills, he might be glad to know that his little bit of spitefulness would only cost him a dollar and a half.

"Is that all, my dear?" he asked, with serene obliviousness of the spirit of her information. "And will you enlighten me as to how often a dollar and a half has to be spent upon them?"

"Not often than once in two months, when they are handled with care," Mrs. Wrinkle replied, with covert rebuke.

"Nine dollars a year, eh? Why, the plaguey things are the cheapest shams of which I know," announced the impregnable Mr. Wrinkle. "So long as you will keep them out of the way when a man wants to go to bed, you can load your pillows with them. Only nine dollars a year—why, Mrs. Wrinkle, you cost me nearly that a day!"

"I—I, Mr. Wrinkle! I believe we were speaking of shams?"—with great indignation.

"Yes, we were, and I have arrived at the conclusion that of domestic shams, these little muslin deceptions that I have just treated so shabbily, are the most simple, harmless, and inexpensive; while one's wife takes the lead for elaborateness, false pretensions, and costliness. Not, my dear," he says, apologetically, perhaps with a sudden reminder of the contingency of her hand and his head, "that I would intimate, even after a solemn survey of the mysteries of your evening 'make up,' that you are nearly as much of a sham as some women. Yet one cannot help speculating as to how many of one's fair female acquaintances would be recognizable *en dishabille*. What a change there would be in the spirit of one's dreams, and one's expense accounts, if one's feminine dependents were innocent of Lubin's powder, lily white, bloom of youth, milk of roses, Parisian water, pearl powder, pastilles, creams, dyes, several hundred dollars' worth of false hair, hair-dresser's fees, and the exorbitant demands of the modiste, who suggests every kind of device for disguising the figure from the head to the heels, and turns out her victims miracles of art! Ten times to one when a woman is complimented, the sweet flatteries are the just dues of her hair-dresser or mantua-maker; and, oh! woe! the frightful cost of the jewels and laces that Mrs. Shoddie and Mrs. Blueblood alike affect and exhibit, in order to gain social prestige; and the dresses that do serve but for a night; which is the most expensive and senseless item of all. I never could understand why a woman should wear a new dress every time she goes to an entertainment."

"I have told you why, many times, Mr. Wrinkle," acidly interposes his wife. "If a lady wears a costume the second time people will surely set her down as strong-minded or as having a poor husband!"

"Well, my dear, I doubt if half the harm ever came from either of those deductions that has come from the inroads upon a man's fortune made by this incessant demand of women for new dresses. A fine costume should be of use to a lady twice or thrice, at least, in my opinion; and I, for one, should admire a woman 'strong-minded' enough to wear it for a whole season. A woman's dress becomes *pronounce* at one wearing, did you say? And so it should; it should be so *pronounce* in its perfect harmony with the person adorning it as to render it impossible to dissociate dress and wearer in the impression left upon the beholder's mind, and to create a desire to see the person again and again in that pleasurable memory. But, if women will not take such an artistic view of matters, they might take a sensible view. A man wears his dress-suit through a season, why should not his wife do likewise, tell me that, Mrs. Wrinkle?"

"I shall tell you nothing!"—in a voice suspiciously damp. "You are a selfish, unreasonable man! And I will never go out again if you begrudge me even a decent dress!"

"You know that I begrudge you nothing—that I desire to fulfill all your wishes. I am merely theorizing, my love!" A thoroughly diplomatic and husband-like explanation. "Cannot a man express his opinion that of many fashionable follies this being ashamed to be seen in the same costume twice is one of the most senseless and harmful, since the wife's whim is often gratified at the cost of the husband's failure or dishonesty, business safety or loss of honor, or the fashionable show made at the expense of many sacrificed home-pleasures and comforts?"

You can express all the opinions you choose; but if you are only theorizing I would like you to save the theories for some one else, and let me get asleep. And, oh, dear, dear! I wonder if the cook has given the order for breakfast. I quite forgot it. I hope she remembered that I get no porter-house steaks. To think, when I am continually economizing, that you should grumble about the money I spend to dress well!"

And she sleeps and dreams of a dress she can never wear again because Mrs. Showie has one like it; and she sleeps and dreams of some happy accident that enables him to breakfast downtown where he gets his dinners and suppers. Both visions being nearly akin to the last waking thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Wrinkle.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

IMPATIENCE.

THE great need of the day and hour is patience, and when this need is vouchsafed us, the world will jog along better, and we shall live longer, wiser, and to a higher purpose.

Children are impatient for their holidays; impatient for their school exhibitions when they can show off their accomplishments and their good clothes at the same time. Once let the word go forth that an exhibition is to be given, then farewell to study. The scholars are drilled in set speeches, and maybe a few set lessons. The visitors arrive, are high in their praises—"never saw so much improvement in their lives," and so forth. All seem to forget that in "getting ready for an exhibition" the real education is forgotten—that much of the time spent in this drilling for show ought to have been used to better advantage over their books and study.

Our reading public are impatient; they cannot read a story through so as to obtain all the sense; they must "hurry and scurry" until they get at the plot, and then skip dozens of pages to see how it is all "going to turn out." The descriptive passages are voted to be "bores" and all the finer portions are yawned over. They must have excitement in every chapter; there must be no "let up" on the interest; so our good authors must "pile on the agony"—cram as much incident in one novel as should serve for three or four.

Lovers are impatient. They want to hear from Edgar or Miranda four or five times a day. If either is late five minutes in keeping an appointment, of course he or she is false and unworthy of any confidence whatever. Those five minutes of waiting are deemed hours of agony, and each thinks that no being tortured upon the rack could endure or suffer more.

Everybody is impatient to get rich at once—to jump into a gold mine without working away with the pick and shovel; they cannot endure to go plodding slowly and surely; they want to travel with the speed of a "Dexter" into sudden wealth, some scarcely caring how such wealth is obtained—whether honorably or dishonorably—so long as it is obtained. It is not a very pleasant subject to dwell upon and so we will dismiss it.

Conductors of cars and captains of steamboats are impatient to be at their journey's end and so steam is put on until the train or steamboat is nothing but a wreck. It is "headlong speed"—"fearful accident"—"no one to blame"—the conductor or captain arrives at his journey's end, but that end is death—as far as this life is concerned—and cannot probe into the future. But people seem to want to probe into the future and are so impatient for that future to arrive that they visit "fortune tellers" and "second-sight seers" who know as much about the future as they do themselves. Why do they do so? Their excuse is that "there is some satisfaction in knowing what is to transpire." I wonder if there is much satisfaction in knowing that one has been gulled!

Young people are impatient to rush into print, never thinking whether they have anything to say that the public will care to read. They send their effusions—or confusions, if you think that word more appropriate—and before there is time for the editor to get a chance to read the manuscript they are impatient enough to write a letter, demanding to know "what has become of my article?"

People are too impatient in letter-writing and will not read their missives over before they drop them in the letter-boxes. They will not stop to correct or punctuate. They are not patient enough for that, and so they send off their hastily-written scrawls with the postscript of, "Please excuse errors; I have written in great haste and haven't time to copy." Such indifference, at times, is more than insulting. I'm not writing so much concerning letters by those who really are pressed for time, but those who can and should use more care and patience.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Prince of Wales' Swing Around the Circle.

HAVING received an invitation to accompany the Prince of Wales to India, I took a clean handkerchief and started, promising to telegraph back to the S. J. at great expense and brought by way of the Suez canal and the Erie canal.

I have long known the prince just as well as if I had been acquainted with him, and he would not go without me if he never went. On the voyage out I was his constant companion, and if I happened out of his sight he would come running to hunt me, saying he was an orphan and away from home and wanted me to still linger near him.

He shared everything with me, and even when he was sea-sick he wanted me to have it, too; he never was so sick since he last got in to the preserve jar; but even his sickness was royal.

When the ship was rolling in a storm I sat on him to hold him down, and prevent him rolling off the deck, and for this he knighted me on the spot, and Sir John O'Grady, and made me Chancellor of the Exchequer. When our ship ran over an island which the captain didn't see, Wales (I always address him by that) ordered his head and salary to be cut off, so he would be more thoughtful in the future.

In crossing the Arabian sea we had several simoons which the prince commanded to stop, but they wouldn't because they were not on British waters.

I always sat at the right hand of Wales at table to see that he got no fish-bones in his throat, and to cheer him up, and to wipe the molasses off his bosom.

I wrote all the dispatches which he sent back to his wife. A telegraph cable was attached to the vessel as she sailed. Here are some of the dispatches:

"Everything is lovely and the goose is in a state of suspense, and hope to be better to-morrow."

"I am all well, and hope to be better to-morrow."

"I am going to come back again, so don't apply for a divorce."

"I am now sound asleep dreaming of you."

"I will be home the moment I return, or sooner."

The prince greatly prefers voyaging on land, as it is safer sailing.

We were received at Bombay by a royal salute from the bombazine. Wales was lifted off the boat by a derrick so his feet would not touch the plank; and then came such a scramble by the native hack-drivers and hotel-porters as you never saw. They snatched at his valise and dragged at him until between them all he was nearly pulled in two; each hotel-runner wanted to take him to the cheapest place, and the porters wanted to carry his valise for a shilling.

Presently the governor general came running down from a late dinner and restored order, and welcomed me in a speech which he had greatly forgotten, when I told him of his mistake.

Wales laughed and said the mistake was very easily made, as we resembled each other very much, both having corns.

The governor hailed a hack and said we must all go up to his house and have dinner, as there was some left. He had heard we were coming, but did not exactly know the day or he would have been better prepared. However, we had a plentiful meal, consisting of elephant-steaks, fried and broiled; lion, roast; crocodile, stuffed; tiger, hashed; dromedary, boiled; and monkey, sliced; then a servant picked Wales' teeth, and we had peanuts and an after-dinner chat, the g. g. asking the prince about his mother and the rest of the family.

Then the prince put on his old boots and old clothes and we went a-fishing. I had to put the worms on his hook, but he did the spitting. He always jerked too soon, and so didn't catch a fish. The g. g. was much mortified over this act of disloyalty on the part of the fish, and apologized to the prince in humble terms. The prince was accepting the apology in a speech, when he slipped off the log and would not have got wet if there had been no water under the log.

We returned with a long procession following us, which looked like one of Barnum's entries into town, and after a lunch on cold chimpanzee the g. g. hitched up a couple of elephants to his buggy and he and the prince and I started out to view the town. The natives, with or without costumes thronged the gorgeous streets on all sides, kicking up their heels, shouting for their future king, standing on their heads, stealing peanuts, picking pockets, running into saloons to get another drink, beating on pine store-boxes with clubs, playing jewsharps, knocking over apple-stands, tripping each other up, and otherwise man-

festing their joy over their prince's visit, as all well-regulated subjects ought to do.

Such gorgeous gorgeousity was never before displayed. Everything was decked for the occasion in great splendor. Even the holes in the windows were stuffed with brilliant rags, and the washings which hung out were glorious to behold.

Everything was so dazzling that the whole party had to stop and purchase goggles before we could proceed, and then it was necessary to keep our eyes closed most of the time.

The prince slapped me on the back, knocking the breath out of me, and exclaimed: "Wash, isn't this hunkidorium in the extreme? Could tongue write, or pen utter the fourth of it? As the queen of Sheba remarked: 'This knocks the socks off of everything I ever beheld.'"

I told him it was.

He said he was getting tired of all this splendor and offered to let me take his place and receive the honors, while he went back to his boarding-house, but I wouldn't let him do so.

I told him he ought to be glad that he was the son of his mother, and he said he was.

The music that preceded us was enchanting, and consisted of seventeen bass drums, nineteen gongs and a fife, all on elephants, with fire-crackers tied to their tails and ribbons in their ears.

So brilliant was the pageant with crimson and gold that the alarm of fire was raised, the fire-bells rung, the engines turned out and squirted water over everybody and everything; even the sun went down when he saw there was no use for him to stay up and shine.

(This dispatch costs fifty dollars a word; at that rate if I attempt to describe this glorious scene in detail it would be too expensive. It will be cheaper for the reader to shut his eyes for an hour and twenty minutes and draw a picture of it in imagination or crayon.)

In the evening we went to the varieties on free passes to see the Clack Brook.

Wales had bowed so much during the day and evening that when he went to bed at night his head kept going up and down so much I found it necessary to put a heavy pillow on it to keep it still.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

ALL the Rothschild children are taught some useful profession, as a security against the reverse of fortune, and Mile. Bettina de Rothschild, the lately-married daughter of the head of the Paris house, at the age of sixteen successfully passed the examination for teacher at the Hotel de Ville. She brought a dowry of 12,000,000 francs to her husband. The *thrift* of this great family of Jews is due not so much to their superior sagacity as to their indomitable industry. Their eagerness for gain and profit makes men and women alike money-getters. To keep this money all in the family they very closely intermarry. The late Baron Nathan married his own niece and his children by her are now marrying their cousins. It is evident that with two or three generations of such intermarriages the Rothschild *trait* will become a blood *strain* or family stamp. As embodiments of the principle of acquisitiveness their race now is celebrated.

Talking of the Rothschilds suggests their great American competitor in the race for riches—the late A. T. Stewart—whose extraordinary success was due, very largely, to his unremitting attention to the *detail* of every transaction, and to the uniform principle of making every purchaser of his goods *satisfied*. His sales were made upon an absolute basis of three elements—truth, courtesy, and a good bargain. He gave the buyer all the advantage of his own skill in selecting goods and his command of the market—he let the buyer know positively, and not obtrusively, what it was he was buying, and then he took for himself the fair profit which he always meant to get. He had great difficulty in compelling his salesmen to be as civil to poor Bridget, who bought a nine-penny calico, as to Mrs. Knickerbocker, who spent \$1,000 in a single visit—but he secured that equal civility at last, and he profited by it.

The most popular fashionable affectation among young ladies ravenous for social notoriety is the "Florida cough," which is regarded by those who have been abroad as a fine substitute for the "Parisian sneeze." It is a fashionable ailment of the Southern malady is supposed to be contracted sitting on the piazza of a Jacksonville hotel, or under the shade of a magnolia. It is to assure the observer that the young lady is, first, a traveler; next that she is "delicate"; and therefore refined; and third, that, having been to Jacksonville hotel, she has rich relatives or great expectations. All young men who hear this cough must understand that it is meant for them, and act accordingly—let the girl alone!

The German States and Great Britain and Ireland are the champion beer-drinking countries. The average Bavarian consumes, it would seem, about nine times as much beer as the average American—and yet the average Bavarian is an industrious and frugal citizen, who makes little trouble, goes about his work steadily, and performs it quietly. The Bavarian consumes, it would seem, fifty-four and three-quarters gallons of beer in the course of the year. Making due allowance for children, women, men who do not drink, etc., it is probable that the ordinary Bavarian beer-drinker consumes about one hundred and seventy-five gallons a year, or, say, half a gallon a day. We know of Americans who are said to drink that, but here they go by the name of human swine, and well deserve the appellation.

A large woman in France, where women have a taste for the becoming in dress conferred upon them by Providence, wears ample draperies, and a corset which does her the best possible service, for it makes her look and feel quite at her ease—no labor of breathing—no unnatural redness—no fear of suffocation; she is simply a large, beautiful object, instead of a pillow tied in the middle, with a general air of sphyria. Large women should remember that no tight lacing makes them look any smaller. Age, which reduces everything else, is apt to add on to the figure of woman, and time brings on undesirable stoutness. This cannot be better treated than it was by the late Duchess of Devonshire, one of the most beautiful of women, who grew at forty, as English women are apt to do, very stout. "How have you kept your complexion so pure, my dear duchess?" said one of her fellow ladies-in-waiting at the court of Queen Victoria. "By dressing at ease and keeping my temper," said the handsome duchess. American matrons, on the *stout* side of forty, will take a suggestion!

It is considered indispensable that ladies introduced at Queen Victoria's court receptions shall wear very low-bodied dresses. Just before the last drawing-room, Lady —, wife of a distinguished nobleman, wrote to the lord chamberlain, saying that she had recently been ill and her shoulders had become so thin that she was ashamed to show them! The chamberlain, knowing how strict the queen was, referred the matter to her, and a grand consultation was held. After a long and serious debate, the lord chamberlain was instructed to write to the petitioner lady that her majesty would for once give her consent to the innovation, but it was intimated that the dress must be a compromise, that is cut down in front. The court parties referred vaguely to this exception to the rules of court dress, stating that it was by her majesty's gracious and special concession, in order that it might not become a precedent! Skinny necks and scrawny shoulders are not to the queen's taste, evidently, and very naturally so, too, seeing that she weighs about two hundred pounds.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Assassin's Foot," "The Deserted Homestead," "Rain in the Heart," "Preme et Frome," "The Last of My Friends," "Odd," "A Scion at Home," "Wine and Water," "The Mad Girl," "Rosemary," "Spring Again."

Accepted: "While the World Goes On," "Dream of Pearls," "Two Songs," "Trailing Arbutus," "Jennie," "The Weaver," "The Phantom Train," "But it's Cap Lillard, etc.," "Spring's Awakening," "Leona."

We must again warn correspondents to prepay their postage in full. The mails almost daily bring us letters marked "6c. due," "6c. due," "6c. due," etc. If we refuse such communications correspondents alone are to blame.

A. O. M. The recent death of the popular contributor, George L. Aiken, will prevent the fulfillment of his design to carry Fergus Fearnought through his school days. We have a serial in hand from Mr. Aiken—the last work of his busy pen, which we will give, ere long—a boy's story.

J. L. H. Tabor P. O. Neb. We have no *agents*. Those subscribing for this paper, to professional *agents*, must look to those third parties, as a rule, demand *essentials* of all persons receiving money for publishers.

J. F. McF. The series of "Great Americans," commencing with George Washington (now ready), and including (as announced) John Paul Jones, and Anthony Wayne, Ethan Allen, etc., will issue about monthly. The first is now ready. They will constitute a remarkably cheap and admirable library.

S. O. B. We have nothing in hand at present from the author named.

T. C. E. We do not know the lady's address.

Miss P. M. Chin implies denote amiability and a loving disposition.

F. J. W. Printers do no better in New York than in Philadelphia.—We are glad to know "The Three Graces" strikes you as being an admirable work of art.—Thanks for your good offices.

W. S. We cannot give you the address of the ride company. As they have been requested to make some announcement and fail to do so, we can give no information for them.

D. C. E. Sympathize with your necessities as we may it would be inadvisable to award any of an author's needs to influence our decisions on contributions. Never *urge* your MSS. on an editor.

Miss Maplewood. Admit your brother to the party, to obtain his sanction and co-operation. The "surprise" will then be a surprise toward any of the other gentlemen, coming in by his invitation, will do their part all the more confidently.

Kitt Concord. The correspondence may be harmless enough, but, if you are busy with study, and receive no real benefit from the correspondence, we advise you to take your brother's advice. He probably sees the matter in its true light.

DAVID H. W. See notice elsewhere. Write to the parties concerned.

A READER, Cleveland, O. We know nothing whatever of the matter. Simply follow your own judgment.

E. M. If you are pleased it is to the credit of the party giving you the pleasure.

NADA. The piece of money you describe is a Brazilian coin, and has no value but for its silver weight.—Mrs. Fleming, you will see by announcement, is soon to appear again in the JOURNAL.

Miss E. D. P. Turning card corners—the upper left hand corner denotes *reside*, and is used for an ordinary call; the upper right hand corner turned down means *revelation*, and is for a visit of congratulation; the lower left hand corner, *comp*, represents a farewell call, and the lower right corner, *condoleance*, expresses a desire to sympathize with bereavement. The rule most generally understood is the turning of one corner, which denotes a wish to see the ladies of the family.

J. R. Brooklyn. Miss Tiffany is not Miss but Mrs. Tiffany. She was formerly Miss Annie Ward. Made her reputation some years since at Wallack's. Married Tiffany and retired, but soon had to take to the stage for a living. She is an excellent actress, in certain lines, and has played quite successfully in the South and West.

MARY M. L. Old friends are not necessarily better than new, but nowadays you scarcely know who are real friends; therefore, those who are tried and tested are the ones to confide in. If your friend will arrange for the trip for you accept the suggestion given and make the most of the opportunity. Ladies, nowadays, are so hedged in by social forms and conventional positions that they seldom make a wish to see the ladies of the family.

WILLIAM PADON. Athens was twenty-five miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphi was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$300,000, and Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thick with the great amount of wall cities now because they are almost wholly useless against artillery, which can batter them down, or bombard a city from a remote distance. What the ancients wasted in walls we waste in isolated fortifications.

J. H. H. New York, writes: "I am in my nineteenth year, and expect to graduate from one of our city colleges, but I do not know what I shall then do. I have no particular leaning toward any of the learned professions; in fact, I like one as well as the other. I am not gifted with extraordinary talent, nor am I deprived of the great amount of industry I hold a respectable position in my class, and am very generally liked. What course would you advise me to take in order that I may learn my future vocation?" Many considerations should influence a man starting in life, which must be settled by himself alone; others which should be referred for decision to his parents or guardians. He should have a great weight; he is of full height, inclined to headaches, avoid the choice of any sedentary profession or business, and endeavor to obtain a position where you can get a great amount of exercise. Your present means must also exercise an influence. To enter upon a profession will require years of preparation and long, patient waiting for a practical result. Enter into no course, that must influence your whole future, without serious consideration and the counsel of older friends, who understand the position capacity and circumstances far better than a mere stranger can possibly do.

DOBNEY'S OTHER SON. Diamonds are particles of pure carbon crystallized at a certain temperature, caused by the volcanic action which has upheaved all the ledges of talcose or elastic sandstone found on the face of the globe. If this precise degree of heat should by any interruption or convulsion of nature be applied to those vast store-houses of carbon, the coal-fields of the West, there is no telling the amount of diamond crystals that might be produced. But it is not so. Heat is not so intense as heat is never attained save in the talcose formation, and whenever loose diamonds are found in sands or in conglomerate formations, they prove the existence of larger quantities imbedded in talcose mine in the neighborhood. Whenever that formation is upheaved, therefore, we may look for diamond deposits near by.

B. S. C. Orange. In most of the States of Union, marriage is forbidden between brothers and sisters, half-brothers and half-sisters, step-parents and step-children, parents-in-law and children-in-law, and between a person divorced for adultery and his or her partner in the crime. As heretofore stated by us, first or second cousins can marry; an uncle can marry his niece; a guardian can marry his ward, etc., etc.

MARTIN T. L. writes: "I am slightly acquainted with a young lady who is a cousin to a lady once a near friend of my own, and I have taken a great fancy to her. She has never asked me to call on her, as we have lived in far different States, and the only times we met was when I was calling on her cousin. Now I have moved to the city where this young lady lives, would it do for me to call upon her without an invitation? Unless I do, I do not know how I can renew our slight acquaintance. Please advise me. We think you may venture upon a call, some evening or Sunday, but make it a social and pleasing as possible and not very protracted. You can tell the lady that you have done yourself the honor to call upon her, and that you are a neighbor, now that you have moved into the same place. You can easily judge by her manner, and whether she invites a repetition of the visit, how she regards your attempt to further the acquaintance."

"Ted." You should request your mother and sister to call upon the young lady now that you are engaged to her. She is quite right in refusing to "seek their acquaintance." It is the place of your family to call first.—Opals are not especially preferable for engagement-rings or wedding presents, though they are exquisitely beautiful—as they are regarded as unlucky stones.

KITTY A. S. A gentleman who has asked you to be his wife, and then has not written to you in four months, does not deserve a second thought. You are quite right; a girl of eighteen is too young to marry; and then you really would not think of "breaking your mamma's heart." You will speedily forget this little affair; and in future we would advise you to make your mother your confidant in all *affaires de coeur*!

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

WHILE THE WORLD GOES ON.

BY JOHN GOSSET.

Day breaks and shuts on such dim scenes!
Life is so sad and yet so sweet!
Why golden sunlight intervenes
Twixt life and death, joy and regret—
Ah! who can tell? We stop all time.
We hide our faces in our hands;
We sing no songs—earth holds no rhyme—
All life has loosed from us its bands.
That other psalms should still be sung,
That other glowing dawns should rise,
It seemeth cruel, how could tongue
So mock our suffering to our eyes?
And so, because we cannot see,
We grow perverse and chafe within;
But cease while death's obscurity
Vails others' sight—then join earth's din
And play our old accustomed part
As though our lips breathed never moan,
While they too mourn the world's cold heart,
And grieve their little hour alone!

The Men of '76.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE,
The Pennsylvania Blucher.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In all the history of the War for Independence no name appears on the page more frequently than that of Anthony Wayne, and none shines with a clearer luster. Patriotic to the very heart's core, eager for action and duty, the incarnation of fight, with a will as inflexible as steel, he comes to the front on all momentous occasions, in Washington's own command. Wherever he moved, with his disciplined and invincible brigades, there was decisive work to do.

Before the war was half over, "Mad Anthony" and his deeds were subjects of talk in camp and at firesides throughout all the land. The enemy found in him that *genius for mischief* which made his presence the occasion of redoubled vigilance. His record, from the intrepid retreat from Canada, July, 1776, and the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in 1777, to the fierce conflict with the savages on the Miami, 1794, is one of brilliant activity in the field, or of patriotic endeavor in legislature, council, and with the people; and in awarding the honors due those who built the edifice of American Freedom, on the brow of Anthony Wayne is placed the wreath of immortelles.

Wayne was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 1st, 1745. He came of most honorable "blood," and with fair educational advantages, early gave promise of useful manhood. At eighteen he was so well qualified for his chosen profession, that he entered upon the arduous labors of land surveyor, and soon obtained more than a local reputation. He was chosen in 1764 by Philadelphia capitalists (Ben Franklin being of the number) to carry forward a scheme for colonizing Nova Scotia, which, under his personal observations and superintendence, gave fine promise of success, but the growing troubles with Great Britain caused an abandonment of the enterprise in 1767.

These troubles so enlisted his attention that he soon became one of the most pronounced advocates of liberty, and as such had grave duties thrust upon him, which cannot here be noted. As a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, from the district of Chester (1774-5), he served with signal credit, and was made a member of the Committee of Public Safety, chosen in the summer of 1775—a very august body of men, to whom was entrusted a great responsibility.

Foreseeing that a conflict was inevitable, Wayne was very active (1774-5) in organizing and disciplining the militia of his district—at the same time studying zealously to qualify himself for command.

Congress commissioned him colonel, January 8d, 1776, of one of the four regiments then assigned as the quota of Pennsylvania. His popularity soon filled up his regiment with first-class recruits, and then commenced a military career which his State and his country may well regard with pride. Proceeding to Canada, he showed his soldierly qualities in the retreat forced by Sir Guy Carleton's capture of General Thompson at Three Rivers (July 4th, 1776). Col. St. Clair, next in command, being wounded, Wayne assumed the direction of affairs, and succeeded, by masterly skill and perseverance, in saving most of the corps.

The post on the Sorrel river now had to be abandoned, and the retreat continued down Lake Champlain—the British pressing Sullivan hard, and relentlessly bent on destroying the whole invading force. Wayne's regiment was the rear guard of that retreat, and it was largely due to his tireless vigilance and pluck that the little army finally reached Crown Point (July 17th), with all its baggage. Thus ended the famous "invasion," devised to add Canada to the American Confederacy, but a failure owing to inadequacy of means and loss of time entailed by the remoteness of the field of operations.

Wayne was now given command of the grim old fortress of Tiiconderoga—already so renowned in the annals of war—and Congress conferred on him the rank of Brigadier (Feb. 21st, 1777), as a mark of appreciation of his merits.

But fort life did not comport with his restless spirit. He earnestly sought for service in the main army, under Washington, and in May, 1777, was permitted to join that army, at the head of a brigade of the Pennsylvania line. This brigade performed good service in New Jersey, in driving Howe back in his attempt to penetrate the State (June, 1777)—greatly to Washington's admiration. When Howe approached Philadelphia from below, by way of the Chesapeake, the battle of Brandywine (see sketches of Washington, Greene, Lafayette, etc.) followed (Sept. 11th). To Wayne was given the defense of Chad's Ford, and all day long he arrested the flank movement designed by Howe to cut off the American retreat. It was a trying ordeal, nobly sustained, for which all the country was most thankful. Had the British movement been a success, and the American Army then captured, the "rebellion" would there have ended in overwhelming disaster. Wayne literally saved the day.

In the new disposition of forces, Wayne was again given the post of danger and honor—being ordered to attack Howe, in his position near the Warren tavern, and this attack was just about to be made with daring fury, when a perfect deluge of rain frustrated an enterprise conceived not in desperation, but in the sublime resolution of duty. The rain almost ruined all the ammunition of the American army. This compelled a rapid retreat up the Schuylkill to Parker's Ferry, in which movement Wayne had the advantage—"feeling for the enemy" all the way—deeply impressed with the army's peril and alert for any contingency.

To follow the maneuvers and conflicts that ensued is to repeat, to some extent, what has been chronicled in other papers. Wayne was so quick for service that even on the retreat he was ready to assault. To seize the enemy's baggage was a daring exploit confided to the Pennsylvanian, with his brigade now reduced to fifteen hundred men. Recrossing the Schuylkill he took post (Sept. 20th) at Paoli tavern. Then he turned to help Greene, in South Carolina, and being given a strong body of troops, including his old brigades, he assisted materially to confine the enemy in Charleston, and was in at Greene's occupation of that city, Dec. 14th, 1782. One of the very last acts of the drama of American Independence was Wayne's occupancy of the evacuated fort.

Six months being given to making peace with the Southern Indians, he returned home, an honored and noted man. He was much in public life, and having been given an estate by the State of Georgia, was elected to Congress from that State in 1792, but could not qualify, being a citizen of Pennsylvania. In that year he was made commander-in-chief of the American army for the suppression of Indian and British hostilities in the North-west Territory. Washington, alarmed by the defeats of Harmer and St. Clair, in the two previous years, called Wayne to the command, as the very best man for the hard task. That task was so well done that the fierce tribes of the West, after many a bloody struggle, were so thoroughly broken that the grand treaty of peace signed at Greenville, Ohio, August 7th, 1795, gave the whole vast region peace. The story of that war and that peace is one of the most interesting in our stirring and troublous history.

Wayne received a grand ovation on his return home; but was not long permitted repose, for Washington (June, 1796) dispatched him to take possession of the north-west posts and fortresses secured to us by the Jay treaty with Great Britain. He therefore visited the territory again and instated our military and civil authority in all the districts, until then in British possession. It was an important and delicate mission, and one, alas! from which he never returned. When sailing down Lake Erie, from Detroit to Presq' Isle (now called Erie City, Pa.), he was attacked (Nov. 17th) with the gout, and lingered along until Dec. 15th, (1796), when he passed quietly away.

The country mourned its loss; and the numberless tributes to his memory attested the honor in which he was held by all classes of people. His body, first buried at Presq' Isle, was removed, in 1809, to his family cemetery, at Waynesborough, Pa., where a fine monument erected by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, fittingly commemorates his services and virtues.

Without a Heart:

WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-
ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPT,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE."

CHAPTER X.

NO LONGER A WAIF.

WHEN Colonel Erskine beheld the one who had so daringly aided him, he was struck with surprise, for, instead of some bold farmer, as he supposed him to be, he saw a youth of apparently eighteen, with a slender, graceful form, and a face of almost feminine beauty, though upon it rested a look of determination and daring hardly reconcilable with the features of a girl.

Besides a suit of dark cloth, with loose pants, and a blouse coat, he wore a pair of top boots and a slouch hat that shaded his face, and half-hid the clustering, short curls around his neck.

At his feet lay a small bundle, and in his hand he carried a short cane, the same with which he had felled the highwayman to the ground.

"Your coachman is not dead, as I believed, sir," said the youth, pleasantly, as he pointed to the negro driver, who was seated upon the other side of the vehicle, lugubriously rubbing his head, upon which was a slight flesh-wound, out by the bullet of the robbers, and as they believed killing him.

Fortunately it had only stunned him.

"Thank God! Toby, you are all right," said his master, going and aiding the negro to arise.

"I ain't so sure o' dat, massa; I dun got a hole in my head, and de bullet rattle about in dar like a pea in a gourd."

"Nonsense, Toby; it only cut the skin; look after the horses while I see to poor Florice," and Colonel Erskine returned to the carriage, while Toby remarked:

"Young massa, am I a dead nigger, or am I not, dat's de question?"

"You are all right, Toby; that wound will be all right in a few days, thanks to the thickness of your skull. Here, take hold of the horses while I see which was the hardest, my stick or yonder fellow's head," and the youth pointed to the highwayman, who still lay where he had fallen.

When Colonel Erskine reached the carriage he found Florice recovered from her swoon, and quietly gazing out of the open door.

"Thank God, Florice, we have passed through a terrible ordeal almost unscathed, for poor Toby is more frightened than hurt; and all thanks are due to yonder gallant youth."

"What an almost beautiful face he has," and Florice gazed intently upon the youth, as he approached and bent over the highwayman.

Pressing his hand upon the heart of the man, the young man started back with a half-cry of terror, while his face blanched white.

"He is dead, sir," he said, slowly, and with a strange earnestness of manner, turning to Colonel Erskine.

"Yes, he is dead; but his death saved my daughter from a terrible fate, I fear, for I was powerless to aid her, and to you we owe all," and Colonel Erskine held forth his hand to the young man, who grasped it warmly, while he replied:

"Death is terrible in any form, sir, and especially so when caused by one's own hand; but if I have served you and your daughter I should not bemoan my act, and he seemed as if choking back deep feeling that swelled up in his throat.

"Well, we must continue on our way, and you, sir, must accept a seat in our carriage with us."

"What will you do with this body?" and the youth pointed, with a shudder, to the dead man.

"I will let Toby place it on the rack, and deliver it up to the authorities of the next village we enter. Come, sir, you go our way, do you not?"

"I was wending my way to the city, sir."

Colonel Erskine glanced earnestly at the humble attire, and then into the frank, fine face, and said:

"You have friends there, I suppose, and are going there to seek work?"

"I have no friends in the world, sir; but I am going to seek work."

Inexpressible sadness was the tone in which the reply was given, and it touched the hearts of the kind colonel and his daughter, the latter instantly remarking:

"Then come with us, and we will be your friends, and my father will give you employment."

"Assuredly; come with us, for I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never repay. You have no ties to bind you elsewhere, by your own admission, so come and live with us."

Two bright tears glistened in the handsome eyes, and his nether lip trembled, as though his heart was brimful of joy and thankfulness, and then he said, quietly:

"I speak the truth when I tell you I have no friends."

"I am a mere waif, and tiring of my home left it to seek employment. Had my parents lived—had that home been a happy one, never would I have left it as I did."

"With too little money to ride, I was going on foot to New York to see what the future had in store for me."

"Thank God, my many long miles of weary travel, have resulted in doing a good service."

The frank manner of the youth, and his honest face carried conviction that he spoke the truth, and Colonel Erskine placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, earnestly:

"You shall not want for friends in the future, my boy, for I am rich and most willing to aid you. What is your name, please tell me?"

"Everard Ainslie, sir."

"A good name. Now come; let us be off."

A few moments more and the body of the highwayman was placed securely upon the rack with the baggage, and, mounting his box, Toby drove on, Everard Ainslie occupying a seat within the vehicle, and subdued and thoughtful with the sudden change in his fortunes, for, unused to the ways of the town, he had been fleeced out of nearly all his money upon his journey, and, anxious to reach New York, had started forward on foot, for there was the Meca of his hopes—there he believed lay the corner-stone of a brilliant future, whatever that future might be.

CHAPTER XI.

DOWN BRICKS!

UPON account of the shock to Florice of the highwayman's attack upon them, Colonel Erskine determined to give up the idea of continuing on by carriage and go by rail instead, especially as they had already been detained for two days in a miserable country inn by the stupidity of a resident justice, who believed it his duty to hold the whole party for murder.

Bidding Toby to drive on by long stages, Colonel Erskine, Florice, and Everard Ainslie took the train at a country depot, and were soon ensconced in a comfortable car, whirling away at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

More and more impressed in favor of the handsome youth, Colonel Erskine and Florice were glad of their meeting with him, and as he possessed a good education and wrote a small but beautiful hand, he was tendered the position of private secretary to his benefactor, whose extensive business, in looking after his estates, would certainly require an aid.

Retiring in manner, polite and most attentive to every want of Florice, Everard Ainslie soon won her heart, and seemed, by his pleasant conversation, to gradually draw her away from her sad memories.

Along flew the train, winding, like a huge serpent, through lovely valleys and around the base of lofty hills, until at last the light of day faded away, and night cast its sable mantle over all.

Yet still on rushed the thundering train, the huge eye of the locomotive alert for danger ahead, and the brave engineer on the watch to protect the hundreds of lives entrusted to his care.

Suddenly around the dark base of a hill sped the train.

Unsuspecting of danger were all when the quick eye of the engineer discovered, not a hundred yards ahead, a misplaced rail.

Loudly shrieked the whistle to "down brakes," and creaking, rattling, clanging, the attentive brakemen wound them up to their furthest link, for still went forth the cry of warning.

Instantly there was a wild excitement among the passengers; a few cries of terror at the sudden jerking of the cars, and then the whistle ceased, a loud roar of steam burst forth; a jar, a terrific shock, a crashing of timbers, a grating of iron, shrieks of despair, groans of agony, and all was a chaos of destruction.

All those who could do so, arose to their feet, and struggled from the ruin and death around them, and once free themselves they turned with dread to those who had been less fortunate.

To add to the horror, there arose shrieks of pain from children, groans of agony wrung from strong men, and low moans of anguish from patient, suffering women.

From the wreck of the car in which were Colonel Erskine, Florice and Everard Ainslie, one form struggled up, and stood an instant gazing around him, as if dazed or stunned by the shock.

It was Everard Ainslie.

"Thank God! I am unhurt; but my poor friends, what of them?" he murmured, glancing around, timidly, as if fearing to discover a sight he dare not face.

"Everard, here we are."

It was the voice of Colonel Erskine, and his tone was as if it came through shut teeth to keep back a groan of pain.

At once the youth sprang forward, and, by the light of a lantern, taken from the hands of the dead conductor, he beheld a sight that turned his very heart cold.

There lay Colonel Erskine, his right leg pinned beneath a cushioned seat, his left arm lying broken and helpless by his side.

His right arm encircled the waist of poor Florice, whose pale, upturned face looked like death.

"She has swooned, I hope—she is dead, I fear," said the poor father, in a whisper.

Two men were standing near, seemingly bereft of all presence of mind, as is usual with many on occasions where nerve is needed.

To these Everard called, and, as if awakening to a sense of their duty, they sprang to his aid, and in a few moments the slender, graceful form of Florice was removed from the wreck, and laid upon a mossy bank near by.

Then Colonel Erskine was relieved from his painful position, and laid beside his daughter, while Everard bounded away to seek aid.

But he had not far to go, ere he met a host of willing hands and kind hearts, coming from the village on the hill, for it was early in the night, and many had watched the fiery serpent gliding along the valley, until they beheld it

suddenly dash itself to pieces against the rocky base of the hill.

By his exertions in behalf of his friends, Everard soon had them placed in a carriage and removed to comfortable quarters in the town, a mile distant, where a kind physician at once attended to them.

"Attend to her first—see, is she dead?" said Colonel Erskine, as the man of medicine approached him.

Turning to where Florice lay, pallid and silent, the physician laid his hand over the heart, and started.

"It had ceased to beat."
Florice, the beautiful, sorrowing girl, for she was nothing more, was dead—hurled from life into eternity, in an instant of time.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUNDS ON THE QUARRY.

THE day after the fatal accident, Everard Ainslie sat in a room of the hotel by the bedside of Colonel Erskine, who lay unconscious from delirium and pain. The blow of Florice's death had hit him hard, for his love for his daughter verged upon idolatry.

In an adjoining room, the door open between, lay the beautiful form of Florice, cold in death, and from his seat by the bedside of the sufferer, Colonel Ainslie ever and anon glanced timidly upon the face of the dead.

Suddenly the door softly opened, and a tall form stood upon the threshold, with white, scared face.

It was Clarence Erskine!
One glance into that face, and Everard Ainslie blanched, and his form trembled violently.

Once before he had seen that face and form, and under circumstances which he could never forget.

Walking lightly across the room, Clarence Erskine came to the bedside, and with a glance only at Everard, said softly, as he laid his hand upon his father's head:

"How is he hurt?"

"His arm is broken in two places, and it is feared he is injured internally; but he seems better now."

"And Florice, my sister—she is—"

"Dead! she lies yonder. She was crushed to death between the seats."

The strong man covered his face with his hands, and shuddered violently.

Then he said, quietly:

"I thank you—you are Everard Ainslie, of whom my father wrote. I have much to thank you for."

Without another word, Clarence Erskine walked into the adjoining room, closing the door behind him.

Thus two hours passed away, and then he returned, his face white, cold and stern.

As he re-entered the room Colonel Erskine opened his eyes, a gleam of reason shining in them.

Beholding his son he held forth his hand, and a groan of agony came from his inmost heart.

"Father, poor Florice is dead; but I yet have you. Are you suffering much?"

"Here is my suffering, Clarence—here; otherwise I feel better," and the brave man placed his hand upon his heart, from whence had been cruelly dragged by death his dearest idol.

Seating himself by the bed, Clarence told his father that he had come as soon as he had received Everard's dispatch, and that while he conveyed poor Florice to her grave, in the family burying-ground, he did not fear to leave him for a few days in the hands of his faithful nurse.

With almost despair clutching at his heart, Colonel Erskine saw his son depart, bearing with him the body of poor Florice; but in Everard Ainslie he had one who was as devoted to him as a daughter could be, and his sufferings were soothed, his sorrows sympathized with, with the soft touch and kindness of heart of a woman.

At length, after several weeks of suffering, Colonel Erskine was sufficiently recovered to admit of his being removed to his old home in the city where he had always lived.

Since the bitter parting between his son and daughter the father had devoted himself almost wholly to Florice, leaving Clarence alone in their city mansion to keep bachelor's hall.

Worried by the thought that he had slain a man whose attentions, after all, were not dishonorable toward his sister, and embittered because Florice, whom he loved with all a brother's love, had come to hate and abhor him, Clarence devoted himself to the practice of his profession, in which he was rapidly rising to distinction, for he was possessed of a splendid mind, was a fine orator, and a deep student.

As Florice no longer lived, Colonel Erskine was anxious to return home as soon as possible. He felt deeply for his son, whose quarrel with Colonel Roselle he had certainly upheld, for, like Clarence, he believed the designs of the man to be evil.

Accompanied by Everard Ainslie, Colonel Erskine arrived at his city house one pleasant morning. He was met by Clarence, who, after affectionately greeting his father, welcomed the youth most warmly, for there was something in the strangely-fascinating face of the young secretary that drew him irresistibly toward him.

As for Everard, he seemed to rather shun Clarence, and was wont to gaze upon him with a strange, absent look, as if to recall something from the long-buried past.

Thus a few weeks more passed away, and Colonel Erskine was thoroughly restored to bodily health, though he yet grieved deeply for poor Florice.

Each day had Everard made himself more useful, to both father and son, until they began to look upon him as a necessity in the household; and, determined to yet go to his new home in the South, Wildside, Colonel Erskine intended taking the youth with him.

At length the day for departure rolled round, and was a scene of bustle in the mansion, when suddenly two men ascended the broad stone steps, and, approaching Everard, one of them said, quietly:

"Your name is Everard Ainslie, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir," said the youth, turning slightly pale.

"Then I arrest you, in the name of the law, Everard Ainslie, upon the charge of murder," and in an instant the well-molded wrists of the surprised and frightened youth were encircled by iron handcuffs.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FELON'S CELL.

"HOLD, sir! there is some mistake, and what mean you by this insolence?" cried Colonel Erskine, stepping angrily forward in front of the two officers of the law, while Clarence advanced, and said:

"I hope you understand your duty, and are not overstepping it."

"Mr. Erskine, you know me, sir, and know I am not a man to act foolishly."

"This gentleman with me is a detective, and has been on the track of the youngster here for two months, and at length we have run him to his lair," and the man spoke as though thoroughly convinced of Everard's guilt.

"And the charge you make against him is that of murder?"

"Yes, sir; he committed a murder two months ago, that would be worthy of the most hardened criminal."

"I hope he can prove himself innocent, sir, not only for his own sake, but for yours, for you seem to have taken a great interest in him; but my duty is plain—he must go with me to jail."

"Good God! Everard, speak! what have you to say for yourself?" cried Colonel Erskine, earnestly, of the youth, who, pallid as death, trembling violently, and with downcast eyes, stood in silence, and seeming despair.

As if about to speak his answer to Colonel Erskine, his lips moved; but Clarence cried, quickly:

"Hold, Everard! do not open your lips, and to those who address you make no reply, else you commit yourself."

"Go with these men you must; but be brave, be strong, and all will come right in the end, for I am convinced that there is some terrible mistake here—that you are as innocent as am I, of this charge against you."

"I thank you, sir, from my heart, I thank you," murmured Everard, and turning to the officer in charge, he said, firmly, while he looked him full in the face:

"I am ready to accompany you to prison, sir."

The shrinking, trembling manner had gone, and like a fearless man he faced his accusers.

"I will accompany you, Everard, and see that you are allowed every comfort I can procure for you. Father, will you also go?"

"Yes, my son; it will show that the poor boy is not friendless, and, mind you, officers, you'll rue this arrest if you cannot prove your bold assertion of his being guilty of murder."

At once giving up all idea of his proposed trip South, Colonel Erskine ordered his baggage returned to his room, and a few moments after the party entered the carriage in waiting, and were driven to the city prison, where Everard Ainslie was immediately placed in as comfortable quarters as his two true friends could procure for him.

Once securely in his cell, the youth turned to the detective who had tracked him, as he said, to his doom, and quietly asked:

"Who is it that I am accused of murdering?"

"A nice question for you to ask, my pretty fellow," roughly returned the man.

"A most natural question, I think, as I am the one most interested. Tell me, who was it I murdered?"

"A poor old inoffensive preacher; a man who never harmed any one in the world; a man whose very gray hairs should have protected him, even if the sanctuary of God did not, for you killed him in his own church."

Everard Ainslie turned even more pallid, staggered back against the cold, white-washed wall of his cell, and covering his face with his hands, shook like an aspen leaf, while deep sobs burst through his shut teeth.

In dismay, in fear, both Colonel Erskine and Clarence gazed upon him, and in their gaze was a look of deepest compassion.

The detective, the officer who had arrested him, and the jailer smiled grimly.

They believed that the emotion of the youth was a confession, almost, of his guilt.

At length Everard Ainslie recovered himself, choked back the sobs, and with a cold, stern face, asked:

"Who makes this charge against me?"

"The one who drove you on your deadly errand."

"It is false, and did I so desire, I can so prove it, even now, colonel, and you, Mr. Erskine, do not lose your trust in me. When my trial comes, I will prove myself innocent."

"I believe you, my son," kindly said Colonel Erskine, while Clarence returned:

"Everard, cheer up, and I will yet bring you out of this prison with flying colors, for, though certain circumstantial evidence may be strong against you, I feel sure that you are innocent of this charge."

Ten minutes more and Everard Ainslie was alone in a felon's cell.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 328.)

JENNIE.

BY "TRIX."

I asked of the stars last night, Jennie,
What would your answer be,
And they seemed to smile on me brightly
Down from their azure sea.

So with heart made light I hastened
Down to the old worn stile,
And waited for brown-eyed Jennie,
Queen of the rose's wild.

She came with the loveliest flashing
Forth from her laughing eyes,
They, too, seemed to give the same promise
As the stars in the summer skies.

Then I told her the old, old story,
And she bowed her graceful head,
To hide the conscious blushes
That o'er her fair face sped.

And in them I read my answer,
And knew I could safely risk,
On her sweet lips, so shyly uplifted,
A grand "Centennial kiss!"

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XXI. THE POWER OF GOLD.

LONG hours passed before Grace Harley recovered from the terrible shock she had experienced at beholding the startling secret in the wall. It was certainly some time after day next morning when she knew herself again; for she could hear the far off rumbles of the city betokening the resumption of business. Now and then, too, she could see faint flashes of sunlight struggling through the door-creaks.

The truth is, that, so numbing was the shock which the girl had sustained, she had passed from a state of temporary unconsciousness to a deep, unbroken quiet of a settled slumber. She had slept the long night through on the floor where she had fallen.

She awoke with a start, and gazed about her for a moment, ere she could recognize her position, for, since her detention in the old house, she always slept on the sofa, at the southernmost side of the apartment. Gradually she recalled the circumstances of the previous evening, and then, like lightning, she felt in her bosom. A smile of satisfaction flitted over her pallid face, as she conceived the newspaper crumpled and rattled under her hand. She arose, and taking the paper from its hiding-place, drew her chair directly beneath the chandelier, the jets in which were still burning brightly.

Seating herself hastily, she spread out the paper, and hunted through it for the paragraph which, on the evening before, had arrested her attention.

The paper was the *Gazette*, and it was dated two days after the night of the adventure on the heights of Mount Washington.

The girl gave a quick start as the particular lines soon again caught her eye. Then in a low, hesitating voice she read aloud:

"THE ABDUCTION CASE.—In our issue of yesterday we referred to the high-handed outrage, perpetrated in our very midst—the abduction of Miss Harley, only child of Richard Harley, Esq., of Allegheny city. Since then, considerable light has been thrown upon the dark transaction. The evidence elicited before Alderman March, yesterday afternoon, seems to fix the guilt—or at least a goodly portion of it—on Tom Worth, the miner, employed in the famous Black Diamond mine. On an investigation of the circumstances, this morning we have been able to ascertain that the man, who is now in the Black Diamond, the prisoner, was very touching; it was worthy of a nobler subject. Too much commendation, in regard to the solution of this affair, can not be awarded to our gifted young townsman, Fairleigh Somerville, Esq.; it was owing to his efforts and untiring diligence that the arrest of the offender was effected. Another strange feature of this case is, that the prisoner, though offered bail, refused it peremptorily. Thus it is—this is the trial, when it is to be hoped that it found guilty of this cowardly crime, he will have meted out to him a punishment suited to his deserts."

In the mean time the sympathies of the community are with the bereaved father, who is almost crushed beneath the heavy misfortune."

The paper fell from the girl's hands, and Grace Harley's head sunk on her bosom.

"God in heaven!" she murmured. "Can my terrible suspicions be correct? Can it be he—the deep-dyed villain! Poor, poor papa! and I know I cannot be far away from him; and yet, I know not, Tom Worth! and that noble form, so like—My God! a wild hope—nay! nay! and, if it were! Alas! alas! A bright hope—good heavens!—yes—yes—my watch—yes—I have it here—and God be with me! I'll try! Ben Walford, his friend! Oh, he cannot be guilty, and yet, how can I communicate with him! God aid and help me! Do I see light ahead, and—'Sh! sh! here he comes—my jailer. He is kind to me; be brave, my heart!'"

The girl crushed the newspaper back into her bosom, and retreated hastily to the sofa.

Stooped without a key, he grated harshly in the lock; the door opened.

A tall, heavy man, his face muffled in a large woolen comforter, his hat drawn lightly over his eyes, entered. In one hand he carried a basket covered with a towel.

"Well, Miss," he said, in a kind voice, "how are you this morning? Hope you're well, ma'am!"

"Thank you, my good man; I am not well."

They were the first words she had spoken to him, or he to her.

"Sorry, ma'am; and—I'm going to leave you, ma'am."

"To leave me, my good man! What do you mean?" And she looked at him, wondering.

"Why, ma'am, to-night will be the last time I'll bring your meals to you."

"Ah! then I am to be released?" she exclaimed, half rising to her feet, as a sudden gleam of hope flashed over her face, and sparkled in her eyes.

The man was softened by that appealing look, but he shook his head sadly.

"No, no, ma'am; some one else will take my place; and then the boss, you know, ma'am."

"Oh! God!" groaned the girl.

"I am very sorry for you, ma'am," said the man, feelingly; "for, ma'am, I have a wife and little ones, and, Miss, I wasn't always a bad man!"

The girl looked hastily up at him.

"Tell me, my good man," she suddenly asked, "why am I kept here? Tell me, for I have never harmed you!"

"What you are here for, ma'am!" exclaimed the man, starting back. "No, no, ma'am; I can not tell you that."

A moment of silence ensued, during which time the man busied himself in taking the girl's breakfast from the basket, and placing it upon the center-table.

Grace Harley glanced at him.

"I wish to speak with you, my man," she said, softly; "can you spare a moment?"

The man hesitated.

"Yes, ma'am," at length he said; "I suppose I can."

The girl arose and approached him.

"You say you have a wife and children: I know by your tone that they are dear to you. For their sake, I beg you to do me a small favor."

She paused. The man was listening attentively.

"Furnish me with paper, ink, and envelope, and then promise to drop a letter in the post-office for me, and she looked at him, pleadingly."

"No, no, ma'am! I cannot—I dare not! My life wouldn't be worth a thought! No, no, ma'am! I am willing to serve you, but I dare not do that!"

"You dare not! Then it is fear that hinders you?"

"You are right, ma'am," was the reply.

"Then you shall run no risk; I pledge you my sacred word, as a God-fearing woman, never to hint to any one that you aided me, in case I ever get home."

The man paused.

"Will the letter be to your father?" he asked.

"No," was the prompt reply, and she still gazed at him.

"Let me think, ma'am," said the man, walking slowly up and down the room. "I am going away to-morrow morning, anyway—and he can't suspect me!" These words were spoken as if communing with himself.

He paused before the maiden.

"I don't know, ma'am, but what I might serve you. God knows you are treated badly. I could not help it!" He spoke earnestly.

"Heaven help you, my good man!" said the girl, deeply; "say that you will aid me now—you will get your reward!"

She took him appealingly by the arm. The man still hesitated, but then, turning toward her, said:

"You must promise me, ma'am, before God, that even to your dearest friend you will not hint that I have done this for you. Then tell me who the letter is for, and come what may, I'll accommodate you!"

"God bless you and yours forever, my good man!" murmured the girl, as she sunk back on the sofa.

"Say nothing about this, ma'am, and I'll go out after the paper. But I must be careful."

So saying he drew his woolen scarf more close around his neck. In doing so, it became disengaged, and fell from his shoulder.

The girl caught a glimpse of his face. She started violently.

"Why, good heavens!" she exclaimed; "are you not Tom Worth, the miner?"

The man in his turn started, and hastily rearranged his scarf.

"Me, me, Tom Worth! Why, ma'am, Tom Worth is—but, I can't answer your questions—there! Now I'll go after the paper; I'll soon be back."

He opened the door softly, and putting his head forth, peeped around him. Then he cautiously slipped out and closed the door.

He was gone about half an hour, when Grace, who, in the mean time, had partaken sparingly of the breakfast before her, heard him coming back.

He soon afterward entered and closed the door.

"It's all right, ma'am," he said, as if pleased at his success; "I didn't have to go far. Here's the paper, ink, and all. Please be in a hurry, ma'am, for the boss might come, and then you know—"

"Yes, never fear, my good man," and the maiden seated herself at once by the table, and drew the writing materials toward her. Her hand trembled as she grasped the pen.

The man had seated himself at some distance and was engaged in repacking the things in the basket.

Grace wrote rapidly. It was a brief letter. She read it over twice and inclosed it in an envelope. Then she hastily scribbled a few lines on a slip, folded it around the envelope, which was already directed, crowded all into another envelope, and directed it.

"I'm ready," she said, in a tremulous voice. "For the sake of your dear wife and children, I beg you to put this with your own hands, in the office."

"I'll do it, ma'am," was the prompt reply.

The man took the envelope, and without casting his eyes over the superscription, placed it carefully in the breast-pocket of his coat. He turned, picked up the basket, and was going, when Grace called to him:

"Here, my good man," and she took her watch from her bosom, and then a few gold coins from her pocket; "take these; 'tis all I can give you now, but you shall—"

"No, no, ma'am; I can not," said the man, firmly, at the same time putting aside the costly present; "it would not be honest, ma'am."

"But I beg you to take them," insisted the girl; "take them; I do not value them."

"I cannot take the watch; it would be like stealing, ma'am," said the man; but he hesitated.

"I am a poor man—an unfortunate one—and the more you will be of service to poor Mary and the children, I'll take it, ma'am, if you are willing."

"I wish there was more of it—there," she said, eagerly forcing the coins into his hand. "But I shall not forget you. Good-by, and God be with you!"

"The same to you, ma'am, and from an honest heart!"

The man emphasized the last word; then he was gone.

A glow of happiness beamed over the maiden's face, and then she murmured:

"Can—oh! can it be done! Suppose I fail! Fail! I must not fail! And then, Ben Walford! Yes, yes, I'll trust him forever! I'll try the experiment now, at once!" she exclaimed.

She cautiously drew near the door, and listened intently for a moment. All was quiet.

She turned at once, and going to a closet in the room, took out a large sheet of tissue-paper, very thin and light. Then, after searching around for a moment, she found a can.

She hastily tore off a piece of the paper, rolled it between her hands, loosely, in the shape of a ball; then, from the can, she sprinkled on it a few drops of the liquid it contained. Lighting the paper-ball by a match, she cast it all ablaze up the chimney, and awaited breathlessly the result.

The flaming ball darted up, lightning-like, in the room, took out a large sheet of tissue-paper, very thin and light. Then, after searching around for a moment, she found a can.

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and we cannot fail! The right hand tower of the Cathedral will do, and, my boy, we'll be together!"

"Time's up, sir," called the jailer. "Yes, sir; right away," replied the miner, buttoning his coat. "Good-by, Tom! Pleasant dreams, and a good sleep! and may be, we'll see one another to-morrow!" With that he went out, and Tom Worth was again alone.

To be continued—Commenced in No. 318.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY L. G. GREENWOOD.

Fair flower! by fair hands gathered,
From thy secret hiding-places,
Weary leagues thou hast traveled
To smile at last on my face.

I greet with thousand welcomes,
And wear thee for my sweet sake;
Who thought of me so distant,
And pains to send thee did take.

Oh, could but her own fingers
Place thee in my button-hole,
With eyes meeting eyes, gazing
Deep into each other's soul.

Sweet blossom, on my lapel
I wore thee just for a day,
And thy fragrance was filling
The wild air, cheering my way.

Sweet blossom thou art faded,
I tenderly lay thee down;
Thy breath is filled with sweetness
Though thy pleasing hue is gone.

Fading or flowering I cherish
Thee, trailing in bushes fair;
In my heart-chamber memory
That blossom ever shall wear.

The Cross of Carlyon!

OR,
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.
A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING
TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER
SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WORK AND WATCH.

It was a three-story, shallow-fronted dwelling in South Bond street. The wooden steps were shabby. The shutters broken or loose, while the urchins who infest the neighborhood had carved slices from the sills in many places. The interior was scarcely an improvement on the exterior.

There was one room, however—the second-story front—which presented the sole exception to the surrounding neglect, almost squalor. It had been neatly curtained and carpeted, freshly painted, newly furnished; and to this apartment Mrs. Lee conducted the young lady who had come in response to the advertisement in the Sun.

"I'm mighty glad it's you," said she, leading the way up the creaky stairs, and flaring the cool-oil lamp with amusing recklessness. "I'd a heap rather let the room out to a young woman like yourself, 'cause it'll be company for me, you see. And I never did like to have men a-thumpin' round the house, wearin' the stairs with their nails in their boots. I'm mighty fond of company—good company of my own sex. See I'm gettin' old; and, as there ain't nobody but myself, it'll be quite agreeable to have you along. Of course you ain't married!" the last suddenly, and casting a quick glance sideways through her spectacles.

"No, madam, I'm not married."

"Up! Well, here's the room. Kind of cozy-like, now, ain't it? The things was just bought bran-new last week—the furniture from Walsh's. There's plenty of ventilation, room to move about; and here's a new wash-pitcher. We don't burn gas. I'll put a big lamp in for you. You'll be satisfied, I'm sure—"

"What is the rent of the room?"

"With board?"

"Yes, after a moment's hesitation.

"\$4.50 per week. That includes washing, you know."

"I'll take it."

"Yes," said the old lady, highly pleased; "I knew you'd like it; and now, as that's settled, what's your name, Miss?"

"Christabel," she checked herself suddenly.

"Chris! That's an odd name."

"My name is Christine Page. You interrupted me."

"And mine's Lee—Annabel Lee. I got the 'Lee' by marriage, you know; and, singular enough, my poor dead man's name was Edgar. Here's water—tapping the pitcher—"and here's comb and brush—thumping the bureau drawer—"so just make yourself to home. Would you like a cup of tea? I didn't expect an answer from the paper so very soon, and I haven't much for supper the first night."

"I would like a cup of tea, please."

"Very well; when you're ready come downstairs, and setting the lamp on the table she departed, singing in a cracked voice:

"Not the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever discover my soul from the soul
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee!"

Alas for the poet who lay in the bare grave at Westminster!

Left alone, Miss Christine Page proceeded to arrange her disordered toilet. She was tired and dusty after the ride in the cars, and the fruitless trip to Lochwood. The muff, box and jacket which she wore loosely, even in that pleasant weather, were cast aside, and bathing her face and hands she smoothed back the opulence of midnight hair from her temples.

Standing before the small mirror, with the lamp beside her, we have a better view of the one who, at a passing glance, we have seen to be beautiful in face and figure.

A square, intellectual brow, and cheeks of velvet and glow. Lips red, and shaped to an exquisite mouth; behind the lips, teeth of marvelous perfection. Ears small, and pink as the soft blush of a sea-shell; neck slender and graceful. But the eyes—orbis that flashed beneath long black lashes—these were rarest of all, their color of jet and luster of magnificence. The expression of the face was neither stern nor merry; a mold part sad, part resolute, unreachably withal.

She soon joined Mrs. Lee in the dining-room. Over a cup of tea and tempting brown toast, the old lady grew talkative, evincing a decided appreciation for her new companion.

"Where did you say you came from, dear?"

"Washington," briefly.

"And where's your baggage?"

"At the depot. It was checked to Baltimore. I suppose they will retain it for me."

"Oh, to be sure. You can order it sent here, you know. I'm real sorry I haven't any body to attend to it for you. Have you any friends in the city?"

"Very few, indeed, Mrs. Lee. I may as well admit that I am a stranger."

"Ah! let me advise you to be careful how

you run about, dear. I'd never go out of nights if I was you. The men stand on the corners, in idle gangs, all the way from here to Barnard's wine store, and in some places a good lady's name isn't safe, as she passes by. True as you live, Miss, Baltimore has a wide-spread and bad reputation for its 'corner gangs.' Was you engaged in any particular business, Miss Christine?"

"My visit to Baltimore is to look after private money affairs," said Miss Christine, with emphasis, hoping the remark might check any further inquiries concerning herself.

The hint was accepted.

The new boarder did not appear at all sociable, on this first evening of her acquaintance with Mrs. Lee. Directly after the meal she sought her room.

For perhaps fifteen minutes she stood statue-like in the center of the apartment, her white hands clasped before her, and her lustrous eyes fixed upon the floor. Her attitude was one of absorbing thought.

The exact detail of her grave meditation we may never know. The transient expressions of the lovely face were disappointment, conjecture, perplexity, the whole supplanted at last by a resolute look, accompanied by a quick, firm pressure of the clasped hands.

"Something must be done," she murmured. "At present I cannot find Mr. Harrison; and though I feel that wealth belongs to me, I have not the means to prove it. Oh! kind Heaven, permit me to find the only friend I have in the world—the only one who can give me back the home I lost when a child."

Seating herself at the table, she drew the newspaper from her pocket. It had served her already; perhaps it would indicate resource again.

"Strange that it was left so long untold me," she continued, aloud, turning and folding the paper, "and every year was dimming more and more the recollection of my childhood. The only one who might have shown me exactly what to do, died with but a sentence on her lips: 'Find your mother—find Mr. Harrison. Lochwood. Harford Road. Baltimore.' How the name of Lochwood sounded in my ears. It was an utterance of my childhood, the conjuring of a brief, sunny page, back, far back through weary years. I have a dim recollection of Mr. Harrison, and that he was good. If I could only find him! But I'm sure I wouldn't know him, if I passed him on the street; and how could he recognize me? Ah! what a web of fate and struggle lies in."

For awhile, at least, the mysterious thoughts were dismissed, and she gave her attention to the paper.

"I must find work at something, I hardly can conceive what. There is not enough money in my purse, to pay two weeks' board—a fact I must keep from Mrs. Lee's knowledge. Ah! what's this?"

Her searching eyes had caught the following paragraph:

WANTED.—Four ladies on machine work immediately. To competent hands, steady employment. Apply at No. 1 North Gay street.

The advertisement had been in for two days. This was the last insertion. Perhaps the places were filled, for dozens of girls and women in the city of Baltimore were striving from morn till night, in these hard times, to procure work for their willing and capable hands.

"Fortunately, I can use a machine," said Christine, to herself. "I will go there to-morrow. Anything will do, while I am searching for Mr. Harrison; and out of my wages, I can advertise in the different newspapers. God help me! for I hardly know what I shall do."

She slept calmly through the night. But while she slept, there was no kind vision in her dreams, to warn her of the deep weaving of the plot, in other parts, to snare her in a wicked net.

Early next morning, after breakfasting with the poetical Mrs. Annabel Lee, Christine hastened to the depot to give orders regarding the trunk. Then to the office of the *Sun* and *American*, where she left for insertion a "Personal" intended for the eyes of Mr. Jerome Harrison. By ten o'clock, she entered the store on Gay street.

"Can you work on a machine?" interrogated the lady-clerk, when Christine had stated her object.

"Yes, very well."

"Accustomed to stitching underwear?"

"Most anything," answered the clear, musical voice of the applicant.

"Then take this note up-stairs, if you are willing to work at \$6 per week."

"That will suit me."

Christine ascended to the upper rooms with the note which was given her. As she went, she heard the lady say:

"Mr. Gregg, refuse all further applications in answer to the advertisement. The places are filled."

Ten minutes later there was another applicant. Christine had been none too soon.

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE GAME OF PLOT.

THE residence of Preston Arly was on St. Paul street, generally known as "Legal Row."

He was an old established attorney, and, being possessed of wealth, purchased the property in which were his business office and dwelling. A rather antique building, outside, but furnished gorgeously within. Over the broad transom of the door, a sign in ornamental gilt, that read:

"ARLY & ARLY, Attorneys at Law."

It was late in the evening. Preston Arly sat in his office, fumbling over a pile of elongated papers. For a better acquaintance with the man, we take a brief look at him.

His figure short and attenuated, body attired in close garments that made him appear even thinner, more eagle-like than he was; arms and limbs resembling so many serpents, as they coiled, or shifted, or darted out, the arms above and the limbs beneath the desk. On a pair of narrow shoulders was a compressed head, sparse-haired on top, wearing the face of an otter, squallid in expression; and the mouth, with only a few teeth—as the head twisted this way and that—seemed ready to bite or snap unpleasant utterances. In age, he was somewhat over sixty years, his reputation was that of the ferret, the fox and the falcon.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, presently, holding up a narrow document at arm's length, and viewing it with a grin. "Aha! here's something I have not seen for many a day! the marriage certificate of Albert Arly and Christabel Forney. Good. Now—" rubbing the point of his sharp nose reflectively—"I wonder if Albert has forgotten the old thing. Him! maybe he'd like to have it—to tear up, no doubt. Eh? That's he, now. Yes."

There was a rumble of wheels outside, and in a few moments Arly, junior, entered the office.

It was the same party who had tracked Christabel to her boarding-house.

"You are working late," he said, as he observed the old gentleman.

"Papers—business. Yes, I'm working late; but you're back early."

Arly, senior, slipped the document into his pocket, and resumed his busy fingering of the miscellaneous heap before him.

"I am back early, to report a discovery."

"Oh! a discovery?"

"It relates to Christabel." He tossed his gloves on another desk, and dragged forward a chair.

The sharkish head twirled round, and the mouth was that of a snarling dog.

"Eh! What's that? Christabel?"

"Exactly. About my daughter. After years of traveling and searching, in vain, I have this night met her in Baltimore."

"A mistake, probably."

"No. She is the perfect image of her mother."

"You'll claim her at once?" cried old Arly, in excitement.

"Claim her! You forget that she was a child of some years before her mother died. She's a full woman, now, and the 'claim' dodge won't work. Listen to me. I found out her stopping place, and as I was returning here, in a cab, I formed a plan."

Preston Arly darted out of his chair, and went swinging up and down the room, rubbing his hands in immense glee.

"Found! Found!" he squeaked. "Ha! ha! glorious news! Then you'll have your revenge. You'll fulfill the vow you made fifteen years ago. Fine. Excellent. How I hate the Carlyons! Christabel found! Ho! ho! the skinny hands rubbed faster, the face of the other grinned, and the eyes of the rat twinkled maliciously.

"No, I'll not fill any vow; I don't want any revenge," said Albert Arly.

"What! Didn't she refuse to live with you?—scorn you because you 'played' a little?—called you a gambler and a villain, so you told me, and hissed on her sweetheart while he punched your head! Ho! thunder! and you don't want any revenge? I'd visit my wrath on endless generations, by the gods!"

"The child of the woman I swore vengeance against, has never harmed me—my own child, too, you forget."

"How do you know she is your own child?" snapped Arly, sen.

"My accidental visit to the warden of the jail in England, during my hot pursuit, convinced me that it was my own child. My wife intended that I should never know. I am satisfied that Christabel was born in prison. This had a great deal to do with my cooling off and final abandonment of the trail."

"Pah!" disdainfully.

"Moreover, I am not the young, reckless 'blood' I was fifteen or twenty-four years ago. I have learned that a pure woman may well despise a man such as I was in those days. Finally—"and he started from his chair, taking an uneasy turn—"my sleep has been cursed, of late, with nightmares of the crime I committed so long ago, and for which I so basely left my wife to suffer at the hands of the law."

"H-o!" sneered the elder Arly, "you regret that, that you did not step forward and be hanged instead of her. Good. I admire your conscience! I can imagine what a wriggle and squirm you would have danced at the end of a rope, bobbing up and down—ha! ha! ha!—like a shad on a rod-line—ha! ha! ha!—with the people staring at so novel an exhibition. Ha! ha! ha! and here he laughed long and loud, his serpentine anatomy doubled up in a very convulsion.

"Cease. Let us talk of the present," interrupted the son, sternly, waving his father to a seat and assuming his own.

"Yes. The present," said old Arly, when he recovered from his fit. "You have a plan concerning Christabel. Now then, what is it?"

"Foremost of all, I do not propose any personal injury."

"Oh!"

"But, have you ever considered that Lochwood, and its concomitant estate amounts to considerable money?"

"I don't see your point."

"My plan is to gain possession of the property."

"How the dogs are you to do that?" sputtered old Arly, in surprise. "I have examined the will on record, and everything goes to Christabel, with a certain Jerome Harrison as executor and trustee until the heir arrives at maturity."

"She is now past maturity. And this Jerome Harrison—curse him!—is, no doubt, dead. I have not seen him, nor heard of him, since the day he struck me."

"But, how is all this to help you?"

"I purpose getting her married to a 'pal,' who will worm over to us about half the property, as soon as he gets hands on it," said Arly, junior, coming at once to the point.

"A very fine plan. Most excellent. But, where's the 'pal'?"—and how do you know she will have him?"

"I can place my finger on the man—a perfect lady-killer, and not over scrupulous; in short, an adventurer, living by his wits, and ready for just such an opportunity. First, Christabel must come here to this house."

"The deuce! And you think she will do that? I imagine she is well posted regarding her mother's husband. You have but to tell her who you are, and—whiz! she goes off in an opposite direction."

"She will come as your niece. You will meet her seemingly by accident, be overwhelmed by surprise, and take her in your arms."

"In my arms! Ho! ho!" and he laughed gaily.

"You may safely represent yourself as the elder brother of the man who married her mother. If she is 'posted' concerning that man, I shall keep shady and leave you to engineer. It is natural that she should be aware of her heritage, and be anxious to secure it. If she finds an uncle who is a lawyer, the meeting will be quite acceptable. Of course, she knows of no relative; she is the last of the Cross of Carlyon. You have had your vengeance on Helen Carlyon; you caused me to add in an additional revenge that makes me shudder when I think of it. I want no more curling deeds done—I want a share in the Lochwood estate. It will be one hundred thousand dollars or so. While you are slowly, very slowly, aiding Christabel in her claim, we'll get her married. I am certain she cannot prove her identity without assistance; I am also confident that she and the rascal named Jerome Harrison have not met since the day my presence frightened her and Meggy Merle from Lochwood."

"Hum!" with a cough. "This Meggy Merle, I suppose, is with her."

"If so, my plan isn't worth a snap; we'll have to work in a different vein. I'm conjecturing that Christabel is alone. The information I obtained at the prison in England, coupled to a prior knowledge of certain facts, and the marriage-certificate—"

"Ah! the certificate," interrupted Arly, Sen., a second time. "Here it is. I came across it among my papers there," and drawing the narrow document from his pocket he handed it to his son.

"I'll take charge of it! There is all this, and much more, that will suffice to establish her. We'll make money by the operation, and after that—"

"Well, after that?"

"I don't care what becomes of her. My object, now, is to turn the fact of my early marriage to practical account."

"Very clever, very good. Excellent. We'll do it," acquiesced the old man.

"I'll consult further with you to-morrow, about how to begin operations," said Albert Arly, rising; and, with an absent "good-night," he left the room.

Preston Arly remained long alone in his office. His pointed chin rested in one hand, and his elbow on the chair side. The wee, twinkling eyes were bent upon the matting, and he seemed lost in a profound, unpleasant study, for a frown settled in wrinkles on his brow.

"Yes," he muttered, in a low, fierce way, recalling the words of his son, "I have had revenge for the treatment I received at the hands of Helen Carlyon. She died not knowing what became of her child, Christabel, the Cross of Carlyon. If I had not been so insane in my triumph, I would not have written to Christabel, in her prison-cell, telling her of my vengeance, what for, and in what it consisted. But, who would have thought to see her live, after being hung, and that she would use the information of my letter to gain her inheritance! What a marvelous tumble events do turn sometimes. She moved quickly, too. By the time I discovered that she survived she had gone to Lochwood, wrenched the will from the Lizard, and fixed herself right comfortably. And I was in the vessel following that which brought her to America. Had she but delayed a few days, I would have been to Lochwood, paid the Lizard for her task, and done what I might just as well have done in the first instance—destroyed the will. The whole estate might have gone to the dogs. The end was a complete baffle. I wonder whatever became of the Lizard? The old hag served faithfully. No matter, I had some revenge. Now then, this new Christabel, my son's child. I hate whatever sounds, looks or smells of Carlyon, and could strangle her with infinite pleasure. But she belongs to Albert. He can do as he pleases with her. Yes, and I'll help him—"

The new City Hall bell pealed forth in the silent night. It was quickly followed by others in the alarm of fire.

The sound aroused Preston Arly from his meditations. Extinguishing the gas, he sought his bedroom.

In the same hour that Preston Arly and his son, Albert, were discussing their plan toward the latter's daughter, another important scene was transpiring many miles away.

In the main office of the Union Telegraph, New York City, a man was walking unsteadily to and fro before the windowed desk—a man of medium stature, handsome face, with luxuriant side-whiskers; a figure of splendid muscle and elasticity.

The click! click! of the instruments seemed to interest and excite him. He paused anon to listen, and at times would approach the desk with inquiries. He had been there an hour; an hour more passed, while he continued his uneasy walk.

"Is your name Gerard Vance?" asked one of the clerks, suddenly.

"Yes," all eagerness. "Have you news?"

"There's a message coming in now."

"From England?"

"From England, and for Gerard Vance, of the company of Smith, Pierson & West, Independent Detective Agency, Baltimore."

"I am the party."

All impatience and suspense stood this Gerard Vance, listening to that mysterious click! click! click! which brought word from far away. It was soon all a message from the office of the Atlantic cable to the Union office in New York.

He snatched it when it was handed to him, and read with burning eyes as follows:

"Case made up. Evidence perfect. We can prove his guilt. Bring the man."

"DERBY & LANE, Detective Agency, London."

When he had read the brief lines he crunched the paper, and doubling one fist, shook it aloft.

"Now, Albert Arly!" he cried, exultantly, "your race is run. Retribution is on your track; the great task for my buried love is soon ended!"

He hastened from the telegraph office to his hotel. By the early morning train, leaving Jersey City, he was en route for Baltimore.

And, as he sat grim and frowning, looking from the car window, there was trace of a peculiar light in his eyes, which boded dangerously.

"Albert Arly," broke from his lips more than once, "your crime has come home at last!"

CHAPTER XI.

NETTING THE BIRD.

Two days had Miss Page been working in the store on Gay street. And in two days the employees had come to the conclusion that the new "hand" was rather a singular personage.

She did not seem to affiliate with any one about her, though her demeanor was polite, even to graciousness. But there was no joining in the merry and incessant chatter among the girls, as they bent over the humming machines from morn till night; nor the slightest exchange of confidences; she held herself aloof with quiet but steadfast purpose, and had nothing to say except in response to direct remarks—a lovely, silent image, that worked mechanically, and executed everything in a highly satisfactory manner.

She was at once a living enigma; neither sad nor stern, apparently unsuspicious of passion, excitement or frolic, and surrounded by an atmosphere of such peculiar reserve, that others hesitated in addressing her.

"She's lost her sweetheart, I guess," whispered one of the girls.

"A countess in disguise," suggested another.

"She's awfully 'stuck-up,' anyhow," volunteered a third.

And down-stairs the subject was also discussed.

"Deuced pretty woman, that, Mrs. B—," declared the cashier.

"Yes, very handsome, and quite mysterious."

"She don't look like she was used to work; but she makes that old machine whiz in a wonderful way."

"Very neat, pretty hands she has, to be sure. There's a great many highfalutin women coming out of their aristocratic notions these days, Mr. Gregg. I tell you they don't find money so plenty as it was, and them that get it has got to work for it."

So, at the end of two days, she was looked upon with a feeling akin to awe, mixed with considerable conjecture, and was known in whispers as "pretty Miss Page," "my lady Page," "the queer hand up-stairs," etc.

At her boarding-house, Christine was very much esteemed by Mrs. Annabel Lee. Much of her reserve vanished when she sat with the garrulous old lady, and the two were getting along together exceedingly well. Mrs. Lee was not without some curiosity, however, to know where her boarder spent her time from seven in the morning till six in the evening, and sometimes later; and why she was always so particularly about the light luncheon, which she invariably took in her pocket. But, to all inquiries, Christine had a stereotyped answer:

"My business matters, Mrs. Lee, are of such a nature, that, when I go out I never know when I shall return. You must not be surprised, if, some fine day, I disappear altogether, in view of this possible event, I pay you in advance."

It was nightfall of the third day Christine had been at work.

The whistles of the distant factories had blown, the echo of the bells still lingered in the air. Six o'clock. The usual crowd of men and women employees from various houses streamed eastward along Baltimore street, and among them Christine Page.

Her eyes were fixed on the pavement as she walked, and she was thinking of herself. No answer had come to the advertisements she inserted in the papers, and she was suddenly wondering whether the present condition of things was to continue—her constant toil, and a vain search for Jerome Harrison.

In this absorbed state of mind she reached the bridge at Jones' Falls, and was moving with the throng, half-headless of her steps, opposite the ruins of Kernan's Opera House.

Suddenly she was collided with by a diminutive old gentleman, whose sharp nose stuck out underneath the peak of a tight cap.

"Huh!" he grunted. "Pardon me, Miss. I'm sometimes quite awkward. I beg to assure you—I—"

"Ho! Heavens! Can it be possible? No—yes—shall I believe my eyes?" and he struck a tragic attitude, staring in astonishment.

"Please allow me to pass, sir," said Christine, making a movement to proceed.

"Pass! Certainly! A thousand apologies—pardon, I mean, for my awkwardness. But can it be? Tell me—is not this Christabel Carlyon?"

She started and paled, but regarded the old gentleman steadily.

"Yes," she replied, after a hesitation, "that is my name. You have the advantage of me, though, sir."

"My niece! my darling niece!" he cried, as if overcome with joy; and ere she could prevent it, he had thrown both arms around her, embracing her with a tenaciousness far from agreeable.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

XANTIPPE.

It seems that the memory of this woman, like that of her renowned husband, is likely to be kept alive to the end of time. She is said to have possessed a very irritable temper, and her name has become a synonym of "vixen," or "scold."

It is more than possible, however, that the judgment passed

A FRIEND TO DINNER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Before you go to sleep to-night I've got a thing to say: You had to go and bring a friend to dinner here to-day. As if I didn't have enough to do in slaving round for you, And wearing all my life away, now, Waddle, ain't this true?

You couldn't help it? Yes, I know; a pretty thing to say. The only friend you ever brought? You'd have one every day—The principle is all the same; you'd do so if you could. And if I didn't rule this house I'm very sure you would!

A friend for dinner when you're cross if my mamma should come! Ill-natured for a month or more until she starts for home! You're mad, too, when my aunt is here, and she don't stay so long. I'm sure, they have a right to come, for ties of love are strong.

You keep me growling at you till I'm getting sick of it. You are sick too? And well you may; that's what I'd have you get. You're tired? Well, Waddle, ain't I, too, and pray what made me so? This is no private boarding-house, though you would make it, no!

You want to sleep? Well, so do I, but then I won't for spite. I am so badly broken down I will not sleep to-night! Was he so poor that you must bring him to our house to feed? The tavern's near here where they sell what hungry people need.

That wouldn't do? Yes, I know that; it wouldn't do, I see—You wouldn't get a chance to make a hired girl of me? You ask each one you meet to come and take a meal with you. As if I didn't have enough for your own self to do.

You don't? You would, sir, if you could; I'm well aware of that. The next time that you bring a man he'll quickly get his hat. You guess not? Waddle, look a-here, I have enough to bear. Don't throw back any words to-night, that shows how much you care.

There never was a wife imposed so much upon as I. Hire a hall? What do you mean? What care you if I'd die. A pretty man to talk to, you, for you would go to sleep. And let me talk away all night, but, sir, my wrongs will keep.

Overland Sketches.

BOB SCOTT, THE LIGHTNING DRIVER.

BY BUFFALO BILL.

SOME years ago, during the palmy days of Ben Halliday's overland stage line, I was at Horseshoe station, when the coach came in from the west. This was a lay-over station, where the passengers took dinner. There were six Englishmen aboard, on their way from California to the States. When the coach stopped, they got out to stretch their legs and get some dinner. They were growling worse than bears with sore heads, and complaining of the slow time the stage had been making, since leaving Salt Lake City.

"The people didn't know 'ow to stage him this blasted country; Hingland was the place for that, ye know. They believed the bloody drivers were afraid to drive fast hover the mountains."

Bob Scott was the driver who was to drive them from Horseshoe to Fort Laramie. Now, Bob was called one of the best drivers on the division, and at times one of the most reckless men I ever knew.

Bob heard all the talk, and his handsome face lighted up with a smile. We all felt that Bob was thinking to himself that he would show them how we staged it in this country.

At this time the telegraph was gradually doing away with the pony express, and the pony express was run only ahead of where the telegraph was built. This gave the company plenty of extra pony-express horses, and they were breaking them in for stage-horses. And lively stage-horses they were; for they were used to running the route at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and the team that Bob was to drive out that day was six of those horses, and he was determined to let them go!

While the Englishmen were at dinner the team was being hitched to the coach, and it was no little job to hitch them up; there had to be a man at each of their heads to hold them, while others fastened the traces.

When the party were through with dinner, and saw the six horses pawing the ground, and a man hanging on to each bit, they rubbed their hands with glee, and said:

"Ah, my fine fellows, we will now have a fine ride."

As all good passengers generally do, they asked the driver to have a drink, which Bob never refused.

Gathering up the reins and stepping lightly upon the box, and, fixing himself, Bob called out:

"Are you all aboard?"

Cap Crickett, the little messenger, got up with Bob.

"All ready! Turn them loose!"

We all expected to see them go off like a shot. But, instead, Bob put on the brake and held them back all he could, but they got the start of him and ran a few hundred yards before he got them under control.

Going east, out of Horseshoe, it is about four miles to the top of the divide, and nearly all the way, up grade. Bob held them in so tight that he was nearly an hour in reaching the top of the hill. All this time the Englishmen were yelling out to the driver to go faster. Occasionally they would hand him out a flask, and ask him why he did not give them a good ride—that he had a fine team, and they would like to see them go. To all this Bob said nothing; and Crickett, the messenger, knew that Bob was up to something. When they at last reached the divide Bob pulled up, and asked them how they liked staging in this country. From the divide to the next station it is eight miles, and nearly all the way down-hill, and the road is straight.

Bob, taking another pull at the flask, then remarked:

"Now, I will show you how we stage it in America."

Giving a yell, like an Indian, he threw the lines on each side of the horses; they started down the hill like a flash of lightning. Then he threw the lamp down among them; pulled out his revolver and commenced firing in the air; and, "playing the silk" to them, they fairly flew down the road. Sometimes the hind wheels would not touch the ground for twenty feet. But the horses never for a moment left the road. They had been broken to run the track and nothing could start them out of it. The leaders were fast and kept the fifth chain taut. So, away they went down that mountain road, with the Englishmen scream-

ing and Bob laughing, and I still using the long stage whip. When the stage got within two miles of the station, the stock-tender saw them coming, and knew they were running away. The doors of the stable were large double doors, and high enough to permit the coach to go in. He knew the ponies were used to running right into the stable. So he thought the best way was not to stop them, but allow them their own way.

Opening the doors the tender waited for them to come. And they were coming, you bet! And he thought how they would bring up standing, when they got into the stable.

On they came, straight as an arrow, for the door. Bob and Cap Crickett, seeing that they were going in, got down in the boot. In they rushed, and would probably have been all right had it not been for the small log that was laying across the entrance which was used in fastening the door. The front wheels struck this with such force that it caused the coach to bound up about two feet. The top of the door frame just struck the top of the coach, and tore it completely off, and there lay men, coach, horses, in one mass in the center of the stable. No one was seriously injured, but some of the passengers were bruised.

Bob, extricating himself from the debris, smiled, and coolly asked:

"Well, how do you like staging in this 'blasted' country?"

Then, backing the stage up, minus a top, he put on another fresh team, and sung out, "All aboard!"

But not one of the passengers would ride with him, as they were perfectly satisfied with his kind of blasted staging.

Getting their baggage out of the now dilapidated coach, they stayed over and took the next coach for the east. On arriving at Atchison, Kansas, they reported Bob Scott. But, of course, there was no notice taken of it, and Bob still continued the "lightning driver" of Slade's division.

Muriel.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OLD Mr. Cloudesley fidgeted uneasily in his dingy leathern arm-chair, and looked at the faded flowers on the carpet, at the glinting ray of sunshine on the wall, at a rose-bud and geranium leaf in a tiny, crystal glass—anywhere except in Cleve Levison's clear blue eyes, that were fixed upon him in an intensity of earnest regard that was part misery, part indignation, part keenly grave trouble.

Handsome blue eyes they were, that many a woman had looked into and admired, and sought to soften into responsive adoration, and faded—clear, haughty blue eyes, true indices of the wealth of mainly grandeur of soul and intelligence that lay back of them—eyes that never had glowed and warmed with passionate love until Muriel Cloudesley's sweet face, with its dimpled cheek and chin, its complexion of pink and pearl, its laughing, shadowy black eyes, its glorious framework of lustrous pale gold hair, had satisfied his aesthetic taste, and taught him that he was not the icicle he had almost come to consider himself.

She had only drifted into his life a brief, blissful three months ago, but Cupid and Destiny had allied their forces, and made smoothly pleasant paths for their loitering feet, and he had taken the ardent kisses of an accepted lover from her sweet red lips, and heard her acknowledge that she loved him with a strength and fervor that satisfied him completely.

And Muriel's father had watched the growing intimacy between his one child and the handsome, proud young lover, who would one day doubtless make his mark in the world by reason of his talents—rare, true genius that even now was laying the foundation of a career of fame, although, as yet, fortune was lagging.

He had read many of Levison's articles, and he knew the ring of the true metal, and had not objected that his daughter hoped to share her lover's fame and fortune when years perhaps of keen self-denial had wooed the fickle goddess.

So the engagement had been sanctioned, and hope, and joy, and perfect content had lent wonderful power to Cleve Levison's pen, and a little money had come in that was laid aside with religious care, against the glad hour, when he should take Muriel for his very own, to think and care for.

Right into all this pure happiness of honest hard-working and waiting came an awful shock—a shock that took several minutes to even faintly comprehend after Mr. Cloudesley had made Levison acquainted with it.

It had been a very brief statement—great sorrows and great joys seldom take a dozen words to express them—and Mr. Cloudesley had blundered it out while Cleve stood looking at him in white-faced alarm.

"Mr. Levison—you see—you know I never could have guessed how it would be; but now that Muriel's grand-aunt is dead, who never has noticed us in her life, but for whom my wife would name the girl—now that the old lady has left her fortune to Muriel—"

A distressed compression of his lips told of the pain Levison was suffering.

"And now you are sorry you promised your daughter to a man you thought good enough in your own poverty. Is that it?"

The voice was clear and almost harsh, but the anguish under it was well kept down.

The old gentleman fidgeted restlessly.

"You put it rather roughly, Mr. Levison, but I suppose that's about it. Don't you think yourself she ought to have other chances? Don't you see how a year or so of European travel would enlarge her tastes and improve her every way? I'm sure you won't be so selfish as to insist on marrying a mere child, now that she's an independent heiress."

Levison's eyes blazed at the half insolent, half whining tone.

"Selfish! If you were any living man than the father of the woman I love I'd knock you down in your tracks! Answer me one word: did Muriel send you to me?"

His voice was cold and stern and his eyes full of the cold, haughty look women had often tried to melt—that Adas Tivoral had almost sworn she would melt, and only tried to fail as less beautiful, less fascinating women had done.

Mr. Cloudesley rose undecidedly, with a nervous look, half askance, in Levison's stormy eyes.

"No; she is such a child, so foolish, so unworshipful, she will never object to you taking advantage of—"

The door was suddenly flung wide by Levison's hand.

"Go! Keep your insults for men who deserve them, and never let me see you again, not if you were a thousand times Muriel's father!"

Then, when the old man had gone, content to have carried his point, and little caring for

the opinion Levison entertained of him, so long as he knew—and he did know—that he had succeeded in goading Cleve to give his daughter up—when the old man had gone, Levison sat down to his desk, with white, anguished face, and stormy eyes, and quivering fingers, and forced himself to keep on with the literary task on hand—that had been a labor of love an hour before—that was a pain, and a fear, and a horror now.

But he forced his brain to obey him; he made himself plunge into the interest of his plot, and his iron will steeled his cold hands, and cooled his hot brain until, when there came a low, eager rap on his door, that he knew was Muriel Cloudesley's, he was calm—awfully calm and decided, with a dull, dying pain at his heart, that he knew meant how hopelessly the brief, bright sunlight was used in his life.

Muriel Cloudesley it was—with her sweet face scarcely less pale than his own, her dark eyes eloquent with half-terror, half pain as she darted to his side.

"Cleve, how could papa dare talk so? Cleve, darling, you never for a moment thought the miserable money will make a bit of difference to me, did you? I would rather have you than all the money in the world, Cleve. Tell me you won't give me up!"

His eyes contracted with the supreme agony of that moment, as he looked at her, clinging to his breast, her pure, pale face lifted imploringly to his, begging the love that was so entirely hers, forever—begging the mercy he had decided he could not bestow.

Mr. Cloudesley's insolent words seemed so truthful now! Yes, Muriel was only a child, a confiding, ignorant child, and he, though it turned his life into a hades on earth, was never the man "to take advantage" of Muriel—that was what the father had said, that was what the world would say, and saying, pity.

So he stooped and kissed the low, white brow, as one would kiss a face in a coffin.

"Muriel, can't you see how it all must be? Dear, it must make a difference. You are a rich lady now—you will see the great, the wealthy of the world—and I—am only I."

It was firm, it was bitter, it was true; but Muriel clung the more desperately to him.

"Oh, Cleve—Cleve! you are killing me! Maybe you don't really love me after all; tell me, do you love me?"

He had steeled himself against displaying a token of affection, but her ardent plaint sent the blood thrilling in every vein, and he caught her in his arms, and chained her, in a breathless embrace, to his heart, and kissed her over and over and over.

"Not love you! Oh, my God! Not love you!"

A smile of perfect happiness broke over her face like sunlight on a dark cloud.

"Then you shall wait until I go with papa on this dreadful tour. You shall stay here and be true and loving, dear, with not a word or a line between us to make us remember, only the dear memory of this hour, and the trust we both will have in our hearts. And when I come back in a year or two, at furthest, papa will see nothing can separate us, and he will give me to you. Cleve, I will wait for that day. Will you? When I return, will I find you as true as to-day, and waiting for me?"

He looked solemnly down in her eyes.

"True as to-day, and waiting for you."

And they parted.

Miss Adas Tivoral lifted her melting blue eyes—big, darkly violet, and as soft as velvet, with an expression of supreme surprise.

"Why, Mr. Levison, is it possible you hadn't heard? It is as much as three months ago since I had the news from Colonel Telmar, an attaché of the French Legation, you know, and then it was rumored that the wedding was on the tapis. Colonel Telmar said that the city was in ecstasies over Miss Cloudesley, and that the French duchess was an envied man by less fortunate aspirants to la belle Americaine's fair hand."

Cleve Levison sat quietly enough and listened. No, Muriel Cloudesley's engagement was a veritable piece of news indeed; and three months old now, was it! Then, in all probability, she was the wife of the French duchess now—to-day—this moment—while he sat and listened to Adas Tivoral's rapid talk, and wondered how soon after Muriel had left his studio that day of adieu, before she had forgotten him!

Then, after Adas Tivoral's news, came days and weeks of fighting with the old pain, months of incessant facing the old love, and he began to find himself growing famous all suddenly. There came demand on demand for his writings, until a steady stream of gold seemed pouring in; until he found himself on the very pinnacle of worldly prosperity.

Then came occasional pieces of gossip from the gay French capital, where Madame le Duc lorded it so regally. Adas Tivoral always kept posted through her friend, Monsieur le Colonel. And then—if you had asked Cleve Levison how it came about that he was betrothed to Adas Tivoral, he could not have told you.

Then came a loveless marriage on one side at least—a grand, royally magnificent marriage, when Adas Tivoral's eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she received the congratulations to "Mrs. Levison," whose pretty, silver laugh trilled out in glad triumph, when, alone in her dressing-room, a moment prior to the departure on the wedding-tour, she penciled and directed a letter to Colonel Auguste Telmar, at Paris.

"Congratulations, *mon cher ami*; cease your kind efforts in my behalf. I am *his wife*, and he may learn when and as he can that nothing can circumvent a woman's wit. I prefer you do not inform Miss M. C.—let her learn on her return."

"A. T. L."

Another year had been added to Cleve Levison's dreary, hopeless, loveless life—a year of fame and fortune—and blankest, bitterest misery—a year in which he had regretted ten million times his marriage—a year in which his wife had come to know she had not been so successful after all. True, nothing could deprive her of his name, but his heart, his love, his respect were never hers; his society seldom. Consequently there followed coldness, indifference and a daily widening breach between them.

Cleve clung to his literary labors like a drowning man to a straw.

It was his only hope against madness, his only relief against himself. So he wrote, and published, and suffered, and hated until his life was a more pitiful romance than ever he dared write.

Then, one warm, glorious April morning, the end came.

His study was fragrant with flowers, and delightfully seductive in its subdued, grateful, pale-green tints; and Levison sat at his desk, with steadily moving arm, and steadily flowing thought, telling in his rare, wonderfully powerful way, an episode in his own life—and

the heroine was described on his sheet just as Muriel Cloudesley had looked the day she had gone from him forever.

The ink was yet wet, and he had paused a moment in thought; the door opened softly, and he heard a light footstep, then, a hurried, eager breathing, then—warm arms around his neck, and kisses on his cheek.

"Cleve! Cleve! it is I—come home to you! Cleve, isn't it blessed to see each other again?"

He started in a trance of horror at sound of Muriel's voice, at sight of Muriel's face. His heart seemed to be tearing through his flesh at the shock.

"Have I startled you, dear? How thoughtless in me! But I was so eager, so anxious. I only landed this morning, and I've come straight to find you—waiting and true, as I am! Cleve! darling! why don't you speak to me?"

His tongue seemed paralyzed with horror. "Waiting and true, as she was!" Great God! What did it mean?

A sob broke from his quivering lips, but no words would come, and Muriel's own face whitened with vague fear.

"Cleve, dear, if you regret your promise, tell me—tell—"

She laid her hands tenderly on his shoulders—he dropped his head to hers, in very agony of pain and shame; and then—Adas Levison walked in, high-headed, merciless, clear-voiced.

"Beg pardon, Miss Cloudesley, may I venture to suggest that the tableau you are indulging in may possibly not be so highly appreciated by Mr. Levison's wife, whom I have the honor to be?"

Muriel lifted her hands suddenly, and looked with anguish, bewildered eyes in the woman's face.

"You—his wife! Cleve—is it true—oh! oh!"

A gasp, a cry of mortal pain, a sudden clutching of her white hands and her heart—and Muriel lay—dead—at Cleve Levison's feet.

His eyes met his wife's with a cold rage she never had seen in human eyes before.

"You have killed her—you!—you! And I never loved a woman but her! You have killed her, and ruined me, and the blight be on your own head!"

"Heart disease," to which Miss Cloudesley was predisposed; and a grand funeral.

"Literary eccentricity," natural enough in such a man as Cleve Levison, when he departed with an expedition to the Eastern countries, and never returned.

And only Adas Tivoral knows the truth.

An Old Man's Darling.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

SHE stood in the garden among her flowers with the sunshine all about her; and John Ashley, watching her from the doorway, with a curious, thoughtful expression on his face, could think of nothing but a bird or butterfly, as she flitted about from rose to lilac, with her yellow curls flying about her face in a cloud, and her eyes full of sparkles like water in shadowy places.

His years were more than double hers. He was a man whom study had made sober and thoughtful in early manhood. He had a brave, strong face, with a strange gentleness in it now, as he stood and watched the girl in the garden. She was the only child of an old friend of his who had left her to him when he died; he had accepted the trust willingly. He had tried to be faithful to it. And he had succeeded.

"She is growing into beautiful womanhood," he said to himself. "Some one will be robbing me of her one of these days I suppose."

He sighed a little as he spoke, and the thoughtful look upon his face grew deeper. "Unless—" and then he stopped suddenly, and shook his head, as if to assure himself that what had been in his mind that moment was not to be thought of seriously.

The girl in the garden began to sing. Her voice was clear as any bird's, and the still morning air rung with its melody. John Ashley left off thinking to listen.

A bird perched on one of the lilac-bushes by the gate began to sing in pure rivalry. It seemed as if he would split his slender throat in his attempt to out-warble the singer in the garden.

She listened a moment, and began again. She ran up and down the lines of melody in flights and dips of sound that made him think of a bird flitting in mid-air.

"Bravo!" he cried, clapping his hands as her voice died into silence, and the bird flew up and away in the blue overhead. "You have put your rival to flight."

"Why, John?"—she always called him that—"I didn't know any one was listening."

"You'd make a fortune with your voice," he said. "But I wouldn't like to have you try it."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to lose you," he answered.

"You'll never be fortunate enough to do that," she laughed, "I'm going to stay with you always, John."

"You'll change your mind, some time," he said, gravely, looking away toward the mountains in that way he had when thinking deeply. "Wait till Roy comes."

"I wish Roy were here," she said, coming up the steps, and stopping close by him. "You have told me so much about him that I want to see him."

"He will be here to-day or to-morrow," he answered, thinking that with Roy's coming there would be an end of the old, quiet life in which he had Stacia all to himself.

Someway it had seemed to him all along as if Roy would marry Stacia. They were suited to each other. He knew of no one he would sooner give her to, but—and always at the thought of giving her up to any one there was a curious little pain at his heart. He wanted her for himself.

That night Roy came.

"I like him very much," she told John Ashley next morning. "We shall be the best of friends."

"Or lovers," he added, with a grave, slow smile.

"Oh, no; only friends," she said, dropping her eyes before his earnest gaze, while a soft color like that in a rose's heart came into her face. "I'm going to have no lover but you, John."

"Wait and see," he answered; "you don't know your heart yet."

But Stacia only shook her head.

She and Roy were the best of friends, as she had said they would be. She had never known a brother's love or companionship and Roy's pleasant ways won a place in her regard from the first.

There were long rows on the river in the pleasant days when all the world was full of summer sweetness, and walks in the twilight. And John Ashley, sitting apart, with only his thoughts to keep him company, saw the two together, and told himself that what he had foretold had come true. Roy loved her, and he was going to lose the woman he loved.

"I must be a fool to think of such a thing as linking her life and mine together," he said, bitterly, one day, as he stood at the window, watching them rowing slowly up and down the river. "I am almost an old man. May and December were not meant to mate together. And yet, women have loved men as much older than they were, as I am older than Stacia. If she could love me how complete life would seem! Without her, I shall always be a lonely man."

One day Roy and Stacia were in the garden together. They were tying up carnations.

"I don't know of anything in the world sweeter than carnations except your cheeks," Roy said, all at once.

"That's a very pretty compliment," said Stacia. "I suppose I ought to give you something in return. Here is a carnation. That's fair—you give me compliments and I'll pay in carnations."

"I'd rather you'd pay in kisses," laughed Roy. "Do you know I am jealous over that kiss you gave uncle John this morning. You never kiss me in that way."

"Because I keep my kisses for the one who loves me best," she answered, softly.

"I love you," Roy said, suddenly. "You must have seen that, Stacia! I have loved you since the first time I saw you."

"I never thought you cared for me—not in that way, at least," said Stacia, pulling away the hand Roy had taken possession of. "I hope I haven't done or said anything to make you think that—"

and then she stopped, at a loss how to explain her meaning.

"You haven't tried to make me love you, or exerted any wiles to catch me, if that is what you mean," he answered. "But I thought you did care for me, Stacia."

"So I do, as a very dear brother," she answered. "I love you very much, Roy, but not in the way you meant just now."

Roy's face was full of keen disappointment. He had hoped to woo and win this girl. But it could not be.

"I am sorry, very sorry for you, Roy," she said, tenderly, touched by the sight of his disappointment. "Let me be your sister Stacia, and forget that you ever thought of me as anything else. You shall be brother Roy from this time forth. Is that agreed on, Roy?"

"Yes, since you will have it so," he answered.

He understood that it would be useless for him to urge his suit. Stacia always meant what she said.

"Let me seal the compact with a kiss, then," she said, and kissed him.

Looking up, after the caress, she saw John Ashley's face at his window. He had seen her kiss Roy, and his heart was full of keenest pain at the sight. He thought it was such a kiss as a woman gives to the man she loves, and sighed to think his life must be barren of such kisses.

That night he was in the parlor alone, thinking of her, when she came in.

"I have been hunting for you," she said.

"I'm lonesome; I want some one to talk to."

She drew a little stool up to his feet, and sat down, leaning her head upon his knee.